The Nation.

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The Week.

The list of contributions to their campaign fund which the Democrats have published may be incomplete, as alleged, and may not be wholly accurate, but it serves the purpose of the argument for preëlection publicity. According to President Roosevelt, such a giving out of the names of contributors was to be the signal for all kinds of misrepresentation, unfounded attack, and personal abuse. But nothing of the kind has occurred, or will occur. Even if the Republican newspapers were disposed to pick flaws or make insinuations, the course of their own party would bind them to silence. They could not stand up against the sharp challenge which would at once be put to them to imitate Democratic frankness and make their own list public. A man holding his cards concealed, and with a few up his sleeve, is in no position to rail at an antogonist who lays *his* cards face-up on the table. When the Democratic Committee has given out a full account of its receipts, with gifts and names stated, the Republicans will find it exceedingly awkward, with Bryan pressing the point every day, to explain their unwillingness to take the country equally into confidence. If what Treasurer Sheldon and Chairman Hitchcock complain of is well founded, it would not take many newspaper columns to print the list of Republicans who have given more than $500!

Mr. Taft insists, despite the advice of his managers, upon speaking in several Southern States. He frankly confesses, at the same time, that he has no hope of carrying a single one of them. His chief motive is to prepare the way for that break-up of the Solid South, upon which he has set his heart, and which he thinks must come soon, even if not early enough to inure to his benefit. This sentiment does credit to Mr. Taft's political judgment, so far as he speaks about the misfortune of having a section of the country where only one party exists. We cannot be so sure, however, of his sagacity or acumen in stating the reason why the South is all Democratic, or in suggesting the correction of that anomaly. Mr. Taft vaguely says that Southerners vote the Democratic ticket "just because they have always been Democrats in the South." But he surely remembers the strength of the Whigs in the South. He now appeals, as the Whigs did, to the interest of the South in the protective tariff, yet he must know that the one terrible issue which destroyed the Southern Whigs and then Southern Republicans will, so long as it persists in force, prevent the South from listening to the blandishments of even the most amiable of protectionists. We refer, of course, to the race issue and to negro disfranchisement. But this topic, Mr. Taft cannot freely discuss. If he takes an attitude pleasing to the South, he will alienate voters in the North; and *vice versa*.

We agree with Mr. Bryan that for the Republicans to predict that his election will bring on panic and hard times is the height of impudence. That cry was raised against the Democrats in 1896, 1900, and 1904. But after more than ten years of undisputed Republican ascendency, we had one of the worst panics in our history, and the hard times are still upon us. Under these circumstances the Republican orators might interest their hearers more by explaining why the miraculous intelligence and administrative skill of the Republicans failed to save us. But though we grant that the Republican argument is nonsense, we cannot go with Mr. Bryan in saying that he is the only man to rescue us from disaster. What the country needs at this moment is a quiet, steady, firm conduct of affairs at Washington. We have had enough shouting to last us for several years. Mr. Bryan is nothing if not a noisy agitator; that is the single rôle which he has thus far played successfully. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, has shown himself a capable administrator. His comparative failure as a campaign orator is due to the fact that neither by temperament nor training is he fitted to set the crowds to yelling. But that very calmness and even phlegm which put Mr. Taft at a disadvantage on the stump will greatly increase his efficiency as President.

"Labor" itself must be sick of all the coddling and trading and insincerity now being expended upon it. Gompers talks as if he carried the "labor vote" in his pocket, and were going to cast it for Bryan. Other labor-leaders hob-nob with President Roosevelt, and assure him that the honest workman bitterly resents the Gompers assumption of ownership, but will be only too glad to vote as *they* order him. Candidates of both parties are discovering a sudden fondness for the laboring man. He must be gullible, indeed, if he believes half that he is told by way of flattery, or is taken in by the transparent devices which are resorted to in order to win him over. The lowest depth was reached by Mr. Sherman last week in Ohio, when he insisted upon shaking the "grimy hands" of factory employees, with the remark: "It doesn't make any difference how much dirt you boys have on your hands, so long as your hearts are all right!"

There are many signs that the Hughes campaign in this State—and consequently the Taft campaign—is moving heavily. The local bosses who were compelled to take Hughes have not recovered from their soreness and are inclined to sulk. Nor have they the money to subsidize the country weeklies, hire "workers," pay the farmers for their "time," and get out the vote. Tammany, on the other hand, is not rent by dissensions, and promises to roll up a heavy majority in Greater New York, in spite of any possible defections to the ranks of Hearst. Mr. Chanler is helped, particularly in this part of the State, by family and social influence. The Astor connection will do something for him, not only in New York, but in those suburban districts to which fashionable New York resorts. At the clubs it is common talk that Mr. Chanler will have the "Episcopal vote." Such reports are an obvious exaggeration, for, in the nature of the case, the Episcopal vote cannot be delivered in a block, but the gossip indicates clearly enough the influences which are behind Mr. Chanler. These forces are strengthened by the sporting vote of all classes—people who are angry at being deprived of the opportunity to gamble at the race-tracks

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and people who fear they may be deprived of other pleasures. The Democrats, for example, are assiduously cultivating the impression that Hughes is a Puritan, and will insist on closing all the saloons. Such arguments, however baseless, are bound to have their effect, especially on the German population of our large cities. Evidently, then, with Gov. Hughes's engagements in the West finished, there must be a concentration of effort upon this State. And although Mr. Hughes alone is an effective campaigner, as he has already shown, the Republican managers are well advised in supporting him with their best speakers; for if he goes down in New York, Mr. Taft is pretty sure to go down with him.

Peace with "adequate armament" was the cry sounded on Monday by both President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. The members of the North Carolina Peace Congress, now assembled at Greensboro, were told in a letter from the President that we cannot have international arbitration, "unless to just and peaceable intentions we add a stout heart and a strong arm." Senator Lodge at Boston was even more militant; he was quite as gory as the telegrams exchanged between the Crown Prince of Servia and the Crown Prince of Montenegro; he was almost as volcanic as Hobson. He was sure that fear alone has kept Japan from making demands on us that would have led to war; and that "if a general European war follows the Balkan trouble, this great nation will inevitably be drawn into the vortex and the danger will stretch across the sea to every American citizen." We regret that we cannot feel quite so sure as Senator Lodge does. We can only feel sure that our peril is less from Japanese aggression than from the kind of American statesmanship which Senator Lodge exhibited.

It is remarkable how every new development in international politics works in favor of a greater navy and army, once you are convinced that a greater navy and army are what every nation needs. The cable dispatches report that as a result of the crisis in the Balkans the British government will no longer think of reduction in armaments. Indeed, the shipbuilding contest with Germany will be keener than ever, and the territorial forces will be increased, and all because the "sanctity of treaties" has been violated by a great Power. Are treaties observed by your neighbor? That is because you have a large navy; make it bigger still. Are treaties violated? Then you must increase your navy. Are you anxious for peace? Build a big navy. Are you determined upon a policy of aggression? Build a big navy. Are you prosperous? Build ships, or you will be attacked. Are you poor? Build ships, or you will be prevented from attaining prosperity. The Dreadnought underlies all things, remedies all things, answers all things. It does not matter that the Balkan problem is approaching solution on the basis of fair compensation to Turkey. It does not matter that Great Britain's increased armaments would only spur on other nations and leave relative conditions as before. No, in rain or shine, in calm or storm, in hard times or easy times, against everybody and against nobody, build ships.

In connection with Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina there are two questions to consider: What had European diplomacy in mind when, at the termination of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, it gave Austria-Hungary the mandate to occupy and administer Bosnia-Herzegovina? How far is the incorporation into the dual monarchy already an actual fact? When the representatives of the Powers met at Berlin in 1878, they were called upon to reorganize the political system of the Balkan peninsula—that is, to arrange the precise manner in which the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, brought about by Russia's onslaught, was to be effected. The terms imposed upon Turkey by Russia in the treaty of San Stefano were to be set aside, but the disintegration of Turkey was to be accepted as an accomplished fact. Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro were cut loose entirely from their Turkish moorings; Bulgaria, for five centuries an integral part of the Ottoman realm, was erected into a Christian principality, tributary to the Porte; Eastern Rumelia was created an autonomous province under a Christian governor. The mandate which Austria-Hungary received to administer Bosnia-Herzegovina could not mean anything but permanent severance of those regions from Turkish rule. Russia was compelled to forego in great part the fruits of her dearly bought victory. The turning over of Bosnia bodily to Austria-Hungary, would, however, have been too much for Russia to swallow, and so a *modus* had to be found. The oppressed Christian Bosniaks and Herzegovinians, whose uprising in 1875 had initiated the convulsions that brought Russia to the gates of Constantinople, it was agreed, could not be allowed to remain under the Turkish yoke. Having thus been severed from her connection with Turkey, Bosnia was practically bound to remain so, even in face of the convention signed by Austria-Hungary at Constantinople on April 21, 1879, in which the Turkish rights of sovereignty were recognized. The Treaty of Berlin made no provision regarding the termination of the Austro-Hungarian administration. The article decreeing the occupation appears to have been drawn up in vague terms with the intent of enacting a disguised cession.

Did the framers of the treaty imagine that ultimately Bosnia might be turned over to Servia, which state is now convulsed over what was virtually consummated years ago? If so, European diplomacy must long since have lost sight of this purpose, else the assimilation of the region by Austria would not have been allowed to proceed without protest. In 1880, Bosnia was brought within the pale of the Austro-Hungarian customs; and in the following year compulsory military service was introduced. Roads and railways were built by the government on an extensive scale, stately public buildings were erected, the judicial system was reorganized, and measures were undertaken for the promotion of industry and education. All this, certainly, did not argue a transient occupation. Indeed, the incorporation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was so complete that Austria must soon have made some such move as has angered Servia. The really disturbing thing is the manner of Austria's action—a step suddenly taken without consulting the other signatories of the Berlin Treaty—rather than the practical result.

One who would get an idea of the essential difficulty of maintaining good relations between England and Germany, could not do better than read the article in the October *Contemporary*

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by Harold Spender. He is a Liberal and an ardent peace man; was with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his recent friendly visit to Germany, and writes with the most sincere desire to remove misunderstandings. Against the prejudiced attitude of his own countrymen, and some of their absurd misconceptions of German hopes and plans, he speaks with strong good sense. Yet throughout his pages, there runs unwittingly the very sentiment which is most offensive to Germany. It would seem that the best-intentioned of Englishmen cannot help being a trifle superior and patronizing when they treat of the position of the German Empire. Mr. Spender urges England not to be too hard upon the great nation across the North Sea! Let us, he argues, draw Germany into the circle of our benevolent international understandings—"include her in the network," is his maladroit phrase. Now that, of course, is precisely the air of Englishmen which Germans resent. They do not wish to be tolerated or indulged. Their desire is simply to "take their place in the sunlight" to which they think they are entitled. Mr. Spender is entirely willing to concede it to them, and so are all other sensible Englishmen; but somehow the appearance of condescension is thrown about what should be the granting of an unquestioned right. It is one proof more that international relations are often as much a matter of manners as of substantial interests.

WHAT BRYAN COULD DO.

The most impressive thing about Gov. Hughes's campaign in the West was his repeated driving home of the instability and untrustworthiness of Bryan. This was his theme in Bryan's own State. Admitting the Nebraskan's engaging personal qualities, his extraordinary skill as a rhetorician, and the remarkable hold which he has upon his party, Gov. Hughes asked what grounds of confidence people could have in a man who had been everything by starts and nothing long.

The Governor's speeches have rudely broken through Mr. Bryan's innocent suggestion that his past be excluded from the campaign, because it is "not in the platform." Bryan's implication is that his future will *not* copy fair his past. But this is to disregard all political probabilities, and the laws of human nature itself. Reasonable men simply cannot ignore what Bryan has been. They cannot forget that he said at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1896:

> If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing or that it *must be maintained, I warn him not to* cast his vote for me, because I promise him that it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it.

Can such a past as that be dismissed with a wave of the hand? Can Bryan's positive declaration two years ago for government ownership of the railroads be forgotten just because he asks us to forget it for the present? Such blunders go deep, and reveal the essential nature of the man. If he were President, none of us could tell what half-baked idea he might bring forth any morning and endeavor to force upon the country. The most charitable view is that he is a happy-thought statesman. If he is not that, he is a dangerous demagogue. In neither guise would the nation be wise to place its destinies in his hands.

"Oh, but," thousands of people are saying, "Bryan couldn't really do anything, even if he were elected. The Senate is surely Republican for four years, and his hands would be tied." This is a sentiment which the Republican managers are disconcerted to hear expressed on all sides. It lies at the bottom of the prevailing "apathy." But it is easy to show that Bryan as President could, if so minded, do endless things to check financial recovery, to keep business affairs in a turmoil, and to harry the captains of industry. There would be no need of radical or hostile legislation. Grant an opposing and unyielding Senate all through Bryan's term, there would be power enough in his hands to vex and destroy, were he disposed to use it. He would have, for example, the naming of his own Attorney-General and all the Federal District Attorneys; and he might select men who would run amuck with the corporations, starting numberless inquisitions and vexatious suits. To be sure, the courts would no doubt finally bring all such proceedings to the ground, as they have done with a number of those undertaken by President Roosevelt's Attorney-General; but the process would be long, expensive, and harassing. More than this, Mr. Bryan, if he were President, could let loose a swarm of inspectors and investigators and secret agents to pry into private affairs, make one-sided reports, recommend criminal proceedings or drastic legislation, and so keep the country on tenter-hooks. There would be no lack of power to make mischief, if the mischievous intent were present. The Presidency is like an arsenal which has not yet fully been explored; and there is no telling what unused weapon a restless or ambitious President might find in it to the discomfiture of the commonwealth.

We do not say that Bryan would do any of these things; we merely point out that he could. And we also point out the fact that this possibility would be a most powerful argument for the Republicans to use if they had not had an applauded and popular President who has actually done the terrible things which they now shudder to think that Bryan might possibly do. In a word, the man who has made W. J. Bryan cease to appear alarming is Theodore Roosevelt. The President's multiplication and use of the enginery of a bureaucratic government, to further his own ends, would leave Bryan, even if most ill-disposed, nothing to do but imitate Roosevelt's instructions; he could not better them.

In spite, however, of all that Roosevelt has done to make Bryan seem respectable, and to break down the real argument against him, that argument remains valid. To many hesitating voters, it is the decisive argument. They will not trust a man who has shown himself untrustworthy. They will not put vast power in the hands of a man who has been reckless in the use of smaller power. Dread of what Bryan might do in the Presidency would not, obviously, have so much weight if Roosevelt were the alternative. But when we look, as the real alternative, to the calm strength, the judicial temper, the high administrative ability of Mr. Taft, the comparison is fatal to a man who has done and said and been what Bryan has.

A CALM VIEW OF TARIFF REVISION.

A reader writes that he is "much disappointed to find you in the present political contest arrayed on the side of High Tariff and Monopoly." But his disappointment can be nothing to ours. If unintermitted attack upon the frauds and oppression practised under the name of protection; if consistent ar-

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guing that customs duties ought to be levied for revenue only; if making as stout a contention as we know how to make for competition and individualism—if all this reduces us to the position of bondservants of High Tariff and Monopoly, then we ought to be more grievously dejected than anybody else at our sad failure to make our meaning clear. We will try, however, to see whether there is actually a prospect for reasonable tariff revision next year, and whether the desired end is more likely to be attained under Mr. Bryan than under Mr. Taft.

We start off with the fact that both party platforms pledge tariff revision. Both candidates for the Presidency have bound themselves, if elected, to call Congress in extra session for the express purpose. This state of things by itself ought to be a source of much cheer to tariff-reformers. To have the force of their arguments admitted, and their position sustained, by both parties is really a great triumph for the little band of "doctrinaires," as Roosevelt called them four years ago. Far from being despondent, they should look forward with high expectancy to the near fruition of their long-deferred but unconquerable hopes. Believing as they must in their ability to meet the protectionist enemy in the gate with irresistible economic and political argument, they should hail the certainty that, whoever is elected President, the Dingley tariff is to be thrown into the melting pot. Whether the measure that comes out is likely to be better if Mr. Bryan feeds the fire, rather than Mr. Taft, is a question regarding which we need to seek calmly all the light which we can get from political history and human nature.

Consider what happened after the great tariff-reform victory of 1892. There was then a Democratic Senate; yet tariff revision was wounded in the house of its friends. Even President Cleveland, with all his conviction and great determination, was unable to get from a Congress which his party controlled a tariff measuring up to the demands of the most moderate reformers. What chance is there that Bryan would have any better success with a Senate sure to be hostile to him? Will he be able to wrest from enemies what Grover Cleveland could not secure from friends? There is but one answer. When to Bryan's comparative indifference through many years to the iniquities of the tariff, you add the powerful partisan motives which would induce the Senate to place itself athwart his path, a reasonable man cannot come to any other conclusion than that tariff reform would have an exceedingly hard road to travel with Bryan in the Presidency.

Mr. Taft also would face many difficulties and would probably meet with many disappointments. But on his side, if he is President, there would be the advantage of a party not only with a majority in both houses of Congress, but solemnly bound to use that majority for the revision of the tariff. Moreover, Mr. Taft has taken, on the whole, a more advanced position than any prominent Republican. He has steadily fought for free trade for the Filipinos. He has repeatedly said that he regards many of the rates in the Dingley tariff as too high. He was for "immediate revision" when Mr. Bryan was saying nothing about the tariff. True, Mr. Taft's campaigning has betrayed him into praise of protection and absurdities about the Wilson bill. Yet even in the midst of these vagaries, which we have sharply condemned, the fact remains that he is convinced of the unfairness of the Dingley law and desires its modification. Now, we are confident enough of the justice of the case for a lower tariff, and of the way in which people's eyes have been opened to the inequalities and wrongs embodied in the Dingley bill, to believe that any discussion of revision will be wholesome, and that any law which finally secures the assent of Congress will eliminate some of the favoritism and fraud. So that under Mr. Taft there is a prospect of getting, if not a perfect bill, at least a better measure than the present statute.

Nor can one, finally, overlook that strange but verified law of political action, according to which it is the Conservative party which catches up and enacts Liberal proposals. The radical party spends itself in agitation; thereupon the conservatives come into power and pass the desired law. And the country which would have been convulsed at the sight of radicals putting through the same legislation, accepts it from the conservatives as a necessary and healing measure. It was the chief of the protectionist party who gave England free trade; and Mr. Taft might well be proud if he could follow in the footsteps of Sir Robert Peel, and could say with that statesman that he had made the bread of laboring men "sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

SOCIALISM AND CULTURE.

To all appearances the Socialists will not cast a heavy vote this year. Yet their propaganda is by no means insignificant in its effects. They alone have appealed directly to the cultivated classes, with dialectic, fiction, and sentiment. The result is that a thin stream of college professors, school teachers, ministers, and literary men is beginning to pour into their ranks. The stream was large enough some time ago to evoke from Grover Cleveland the anxious wish that the higher institutions of learning in America would "range themselves like a wall barring the progress of revolutionary doctrines." To-day, the size of this stream makes Prof. John Bates Clark admit, in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, that "if one may judge by appearances, this hope has not been realized." True, the number of cultivated converts is still very small; the mass of Socialism's half-million is drawn from immigrant laborers and miscellaneous rebels. But "there are enough highly educated persons (in the ranks) to prove that Socialism and higher culture are not incompatible." And the new gospel's amazing spread in English universities and the Anglican Church makes everybody ask the Columbia professor's questions:

> What is likely to be the permanent attitude of a scientific mind toward the claims of thoroughgoing Socialism? Will it be generally conservative or the opposite? Will there be an alliance between intelligence and discontented labor—the kind of union that was once cynically called a "coalition of universities and slums"? If so, it will make a formidable party.

The human mind works in America as in Europe. Does this mean that, because England's intellectuals have joined the Fabian Society, and her ecclesiastics the Christian Social Union, our own collegians and churchmen will ere long be trooping behind the red flag? So far as the American undergraduate is concerned, we may rest easy; he is not likely to take Socialism more seriously than he does his studies. But, in the case of teachers and preachers, many circumstances are working toward the realiza-

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tion of the collectivist's fondest hopes. First, there is the academic charity toward all ideas, be they ever so startling or disreputable. Smug materialists may dismiss Socialism with the commonplace imbecilities: "Socialism is anarchy," the "Socialists believe in free love," "Socialism is anti-Christian, even atheistic." But the teacher abstains from such verdicts. Open-mindedness is his nature, his prerogative, his duty. To quote President Eliot, "the teacher ought always to be a person disposed to idealism and altruism." This temperament means a predilection for Socialism, which, however selfish some of its followers may be, and however crude its theories, springs from a noble aspiration for the common welfare. Just because it rests on splendid thoughts which have never been tried out, the teacher feels tempted to encourage the doctrine; for is not the university the world's agent of progress, the great feeler which reaches out, guessing, groping, testing, taking up and letting fall, until the best is found?

High specialization, save in economics, makes one more or less incompetent to handle the enormously complex problems of Socialism. Theorizing, too, forms the habit of solving puzzles outside of one's *Fach* with a few pet rules. On the other hand, he who knows poverty sympathizes with the downtrodden and so, by an easy step, with their projects for relief. Does the Philistine know that about one-third of our colleges and universities pay their full professors an average salary of less than $1,000 a year, and lesser instructors correspondingly less? And that many country and village school teachers earn $30 a month or even less? The wonder is that radical theories have made such slight headway among men of refined tastes who live so close to the margin of existence. And it is a second wonder that obnoxious displays of wealth and power in college life and college management have not vanquished academic patience more thoroughly. Seeing his class-room fill up with indolent, dissolute spendthrifts, watching vulgar millionaires make irrational endowments for self-glorification, having his politics scrutinized before receiving a call to teach, and even being obliged to soften down his lectures because a patron believes in high tariff, owns a brewery, or works children to death in the mills, the American teacher is scarcely to be blamed if he concludes that things in general cry for a lively shaking-up.

Socialism has not captured the colleges, but the present demoralization of the two major parties may assist it to victory. Scientific welfare-work is awakening interest in good government, and bringing home ever more clearly political corruption. The teacher is sorely tempted to escape the old bosses by voting for the candidate of the "intellectual proletariat." If Socialism does win him over, the old parties will have only their own scandalous tolerance to blame; and the world will not weep over their discomfiture; for an outburst of radicalism in our schools would probably do far less harm than good in the long run. It will be a scourge on the backs of politicians. It may, we hope, prod the pleasure-seeking, vapid, puttering undergraduate to think. And it will not wreck the universe. For, as the history of European Socialism has already abundantly demonstrated, the accession of a cultivated group to power in the party and the necessity of compromise for the sake of victories will steadily push grotesque economic theories further and further into the background. How thoroughly Marxian absurdities will be abandoned depends largely upon the sincerity and judgment shown by other parties in attacking the evils which make radicals.

THE BALKAN CRISIS.

Trouble in the Near East has long been a possibility; but a sign of the change which has come over political relations in the eastern Mediterranean is the fact that the latest war scare arose from the threatening action of one of the small Balkan States. This is not the Eastern Question as we have been used to think of it. That name has hitherto described a question primarily affecting the great Powers of Europe, though dealing with the Balkan sub-continent. The Balkans it has been customary to refer to as the pawn in the international game, the victim of international ambition, or at best the object of international altruism. But when the Congress of Berlin carved out of Turkish territory a number of independent or autonomous states—Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro—and sent them forth on the hopeful way of national growth and self-consciousness, Europe brought into being a set of new forces with which it now must reckon. Whether the Sick Man of Europe shall improve or grow worse, no longer depends solely on the fluctuating jealousies of the six great Powers. The rival ambitions of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece have begun to count. "At Berlin," a Bulgarian agent has drily remarked, "we were not the actors we are to-day. This time all the actors, even the most modest, must be represented."

Had war come, therefore, it would have been not because Russia or Great Britain had found her interests threatened, but because Servia and Greece could not endure that Bulgaria should be aggrandized and they left without compensation. For us in this country it is particularly hard to grasp the intense gravity with which the little Balkan States speak of those vital national interests which may be seriously affected by the transfer of half a dozen villages from one jurisdiction to another. When Servia with a population of less than two and three-quarter millions sees in the Austrian occupation of Bosnia a menace to the national aspiration for a Greater Servia; when Greece, with a population not much larger than that of Manhattan, takes the idea of a Greater Hellas quite as seriously as the most ardent German patriot thinks of the future Pan-Germania; when Montenegro, with a population smaller than that of the Bronx, feels that if Servia should invade Bosnia, her own national interests will compel her to invade Herzegovina, we seem to be listening to another act of the opera-bouffe of racial politics which we usually associate with Austria-Hungary. But to the Balkan States, as to the Hapsburg nationalities, the contest is far from comic. In the ethnological welter of southeastern Europe, where every dominant nationality makes it its business to convert every other nationality to its own language and culture, the political struggle is in more than one aspect a struggle for national survival.

But, fortunately, the larger European Powers are opposed to war. In such a collision none of them could hope for substantial gain. A Balkan war would be followed by a congress, which would be sure to trim any one victor's laurels as effectively as Rus-

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sia's were clipped at Berlin in 1878. But in addition to the old European jealousy which would make war for any of the great Powers scarcely worth while, there is the opposition which would arise within the Balkans to any outside conquests at the expense of Turkey. If Servia is bitter over the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, she would regard with even greater resentment any attempt by Italy, for instance, to establish herself on the eastern coast of the Adriatic; nor would Greece, which looks upon the Ægean as her heritage, welcome another seizure like that of Cyprus by Great Britain or France. Austria-Hungary has gained all she can expect without rousing the entire Balkan peninsula against herself. Russia is not in condition or the mind to think of a campaign of conquest. Hence it is not too much to hope that, with no strong reason for any of the great Powers to go to war, they may all quickly recollect that war in general is undesirable, and will try to impose their views on the excited Balkan peoples.

The sentiment in favor of a congress for the settlement of the present crisis has met with opposition in various European capitals. Austria will not go to a congress unless the *status quo* of today be recognized. Other Powers fear that a congress will do Turkey more harm than good, by offering a new opportunity for territory-grabbers, big and little. But these are the inevitable preliminaries of international negotiations. Each contracting party hems and haws and would have you understand that he enters into conference with you largely as a favor, and only on this condition or that. Yet it would be best for Turkey if, once and for all, her anomalous position as a suzerain of provinces which do not acknowledge her sovereignty and ruler of territories which she does not rule, were done away with. Without Bulgaria and the provinces Austria has annexed, Turkey might betake herself cheerfully enough to the work of her internal regeneration, if a European congress were to grant her a definite period of immunity from further territorial loss.

UNDESIRABLE STUDENTS.

President Garfield's reference, in his inaugural address at Williams, to a class of students against whom the college should "close the doors promptly," is only one sign more of a searching of heart, on this subject, among academic authorities. How to get rid of the student loafer; how to combat and destroy the notion that a college is "the best athletic club going"; how to make college life appear something else than an annex to fashionable society—in a word, how to make students study—that is the problem. President Hyde of Bowdoin dealt with it in his talk to the incoming freshmen. He had some pungent words about the current maxim that "a gentleman's rank in college is C." or lower. The action of the Yale faculty in cutting off the week-end absences of pleasure-loving students is another indication that presidents and professors are waking to the scandal. The dean of one of the faculties at Harvard has said that the most difficult question before that university is how to prevent students from idling away their time without work.

For two decades at least the Philistines have been invading our Eastern colleges. The general increase in wealth and spread of luxurious habits, during that time, have bred a species of hangers-on—they cannot properly be called members—of our educational institutions, who are a disgrace to themselves and the colleges that harbor them. We do not mean the openly vicious. With them, it is usually easy to deal sternly. The students whom President Garfield described are the elegant young gentlemen without intellectual ambition or moral purpose; they dawdle away their four years with no thought of getting out of college anything but social amusement and a sort of gambler's excitement. They live lavishly. They take an intense interest in athletics—as practised by others—"supporting" the team in exactly the spirit of the decadent young Roman noble patting the muscles of the gladiator whom he had backed to kill his man. They are the kind of men whom the new president of Williams characterized as "those who loaf because they choose to, and who do not propose to change their occupation." A little study, of course, is a disagreeable necessity, but the amount of it is kept as small as a too indulgent faculty will permit. It is these men, and their growing numbers in our Eastern colleges, who have made almost literally applicable the sarcasm which Gaston Phoebus, in "Lothair," directed at English students:

> What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they live in the open air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education; but it is the highest education since the Greek.

The deepening recognition of the evil should lead to a fixing of attention upon the one remedy. It is surely no great mystery. What it is, President Garfield plainly implied. The college should have a college standard, which it should enforce absolutely without fear or favor. The standard ought not to be that of a social club, or an athletic association, but of a body of scholars pursuing the intellectual life. Something of the rigor with which technical and professional schools demand from all their students a certain measure of attainment, would be wonderfully tonic in our colleges. There would be no moral condemnation in excluding men who could not or would not do the required work, any more than there is in dropping incompetent students by the Institute of Technology or the College of Physicians and Surgeons. It would be simply the dispassionate enforcement of a sound rule, the cool facing and application of the fact: this is a society for intellectual training. You show no capacity even to appreciate it, much less to share in it, and we must therefore ask you to betake yourself elsewhere.

As the *Nation* has insisted more than once before, the cure of a good part of the athletic obsession in our colleges could be effected by simply raising the standard of scholarship, and manfully enforcing it. "Take your absences for the big games, young gentlemen, use up your quota of 'cuts,' train all day and talk athletics all night; but if you do not meet the decent requirements of a scholar, you cannot stay here." This seems easy, but we know that it is hard. It takes more courage and stamina in a professor than most people think to "flunk" the captain of the eleven or to mark the examination-paper of a "good fellow" with becoming severity. There is no surer road to the loss of immediate popularity. And from the grumbling which has been heard at Princeton over President Wilson's moderate attempts to make study something more than a trifling incidental, one can infer what complaints would be made if President Garfield

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should proceed mercilessly to "close the doors" upon all undesirable students at Williams. We rather guess that the alumni and trustees and benefactors would be heard from, wailing over the needless interference with the college's "prosperity."

Ultimately, however, the thing will have to be done, if only in self-defence. Educational institutions cannot forever go on permitting the young barbarian at play to belie their very name. And we are convinced that success as well as moral distinction would come to any college that resolutely set itself against over-athletics and under-study. The kind of eminence which Balliol College at Oxford long enjoyed is within the reach of any American institution which would put the things of the mind where they belong; would not only exalt scholarship in commencement addresses, but would exact it in the long routine of the college year; would not merely erect as the ideal, but would strive unceasingly to realize, that pursuit of wisdom in which

——the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired.

UNDER-LANGUAGED AMERICANS.

The Tuberculosis Congress at Washington gave fresh occasion to foreigners to wonder at the almost entire lack of ambition on the part of the American to "understand their nonsensical language." All the papers that could be were put into English; and speakers who used French or German knew that their best points were lost upon their hearers. Moreover, the American and British delegates to the international congress on road-making, held this week in Paris, were compelled to arrange separate sessions because they could not understand the business that was transacted in French. But the Continental members of such congresses labor under no such disability. At the recent Congress of Philosophers at Heidelberg, Professor Royce's paper was easily followed by the audience, and the French professor who read a contribution on Fichte was applauded throughout. The difference is not at all flattering to our national pride. On the Continent, every educated man is expected to understand at least two languages besides his own, when spoken, and to be able to speak them himself with more or less ease and accuracy. Americans are getting to be the greatest travellers on earth, but we still take the attitude of the young Briton at the French shore resort, who would not try his slender vocabulary on his playmates for fear of "encouraging" them. In fine, the United States is content to rank with Spain for indifference to any speech but the vernacular.

Englishmen are traditionally backward in the matter of modern languages, but they are ahead of us. Being so near to the Continent, and in such close business relations with it, they have been compelled to depart from the haughty attitude of the 'bus driver, who said of his load of Italians: "Chatter, chatter, chatter, and not one intelligible word!" Mr. George Russell has lately been writing of the sluggishness of the language-centres of his countrymen. He cites the testimony of a Greek newspaper man recently in London (it might have been in New York):

> I have sought to get into contact with the English people. Alas! they speak only their own language, and despise all babble of lesser breeds; and I, too, know only my mother-tongue. True, I have some broken French; they tell me this will serve, for every Englishman knows French. I have tried French. Mine is broken, and as for the Englishman's! . . . We will put the matter mildly, and say that my French is broken, and the English French is broken —but they are not broken in the same place, and do not fit together!

Mr. Russell tells another story to show what havoc Englishmen may make when they really fling themselves upon a foreign language. A German visitor was present at Harrow speech-day. As a part of the ceremonies, the boys gave a scene from one of Schiller's dramas. A lady sitting next the German guest, asked him what play it was. He replied, with every appearance of shame: "Alas! I do not know Greek." Such tales could doubtless be matched by German or French excursions into English, which often leave the parts of speech lying about in their own blood. But the large contrast between Americans and the rest of the world is as we have stated it.

What is the explanation? Many causes, obviously, go to make the difference. Habit, propinquity, utility, the constant mingling of peoples and languages, have helped to make the Continentals the lingusts they are. But the chief reason of their superiority to us is their better teaching of modern languages in the schools. You meet boys of fifteen, who have had no instruction save that of the public schools, and you find them able to understand and to speak English, with one language more in addition to their own. You run across a business man on holiday, and when you ask him where he learned his English, which, though not perfect, is entirely intelligible, he will tell you that he acquired it years before at school. The real secret is in the higher standards of teaching modern languages. In Continental schools, the work proceeds upon the assumption that the foreign tongue is to be studied, not as a set and repulsive task, but as a useful and immediately available means of adding interest and enjoyment to life. Language is made to appear vivid and near, instead of lifeless and distant. Compare the too common American experience, where girls will spend two years over French irregular verbs without being able to speak two consecutive sentences, or a boy will "take German" for five years and not know how to direct a German traveller from dock to railway!

Some teachers, we know, loftily reject the argument from utility. They admit that their pupils can make no use of a foreign language as an instrument, but think of the insight into "structure" which they are acquiring, think of the firm grounding which they are getting in the principles of universal grammar! But even as theory, we regard this as a mistake, and in practice we are convinced that it is a wretched failure. The public schools are not set to make philologists of their children. Not one boy in a thousand is able to grasp the idea of broad principles underlying all language, or would be benefited by it if he could. The result is simply to give us confused ignorance, or ineffective pedantry, both alike inarticulate. Whatever abstract or grammatical discipline is to be gained from the study of modern languages, should be left to be incidental to their practical mastery. American boys and girls are not more stupid than foreigners; they are simply more stupidly taught, in this matter of language. As readily as French or German youth, they could be made to feel at home in a foreign tongue; to read it largely and with delight; to speak it, on occasion, as one means more of human intercourse, and of creating and satisfying

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interest in the world. If taught with these ends distinctly in view, then those of them who wished to be scholars could go on to the nicer studies in philology, while those who did not, would have had a pleasant and serviceable tool put into their hands, instead of merely being left bewildered and repelled by what they did not understand and can neither like nor use.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, October 1.

René Behaine, in his "Histoire d'une société," has written something more than a trilogy of family fiction. His veritable biographies of his three characters—Alfred Varambaud, Céline Armelle, and their son, Michel Varambaud—are careful studies, with great personal interest, of the unstable society of our day. The other books which are to follow out the career of the little *bourgeois*, born at a time when the barriers which hitherto protected middle-class society have been broken down on every side, will be looked for with interest. "Monsieur le Principal," by Jean Viollis, is the tragic story of the headmaster of a French state college. It is a life failure between Philistine parents, politicians with influence—for education in France is a state service—and his own ideals of teaching. In an avowedly Catholic series, Science et religion, Georges Noblemaire explains "Le Complot contre la famille," the radical attempt to break up that family organization which has so far been the central stronghold of the French race. The author, who belongs to one of the greatest industrial families of France, has devoted his life and talent to these social questions; and Etienne Lamy of the French Academy gives him a preface. "L'Ame brétonne," by Charles Le Goffic, in its second series, has received a prize from the French Academy as "the work most original in form and thought" of the year's store. The soul of the Breton people, like the land of Brittany, is still full of the picturesqueness of pre-history.

The depths of family tragedy are reached in "L'Assassinat de la Duchesse de Praslin," by A. Savine. In addition to the archives and memoirs already used by writers on this *cause célèbre*, the author professes to have come to his conclusions "in the light of the correspondence seized" at the time. They are entirely favorable to the governess, who was spared incrimination by Victor Cousin's unfaltering conviction of her innocence. She lived and died in the esteem of all, after nearly thirty years of American exile, where she became the wife of the late Dr. Henry Field. It was always an imperative fact in her favor that the children of the murdered woman took her part to the end. This book brings to light what attentive readers of the case long suspected—the hysterical and utterly disordered emotions of the Duchess, who wrought up the Duke, after years of an impossible existence, to the madness of crime, if indeed she did not strike the fatal blows herself. The Duke died confessing nought.

"Les Muses françaises," by Alphonse Séché, is made up of selected examples from the French women poets. The first volume reaches from 1200 to 1891, and is illustrated by thirty-five portraits; the second is to be given up entirely to muses of to-day, when women have come to their own—in poetry, at least. The eminent rector of the University of Aix, Jules Payot, has the courage to preface a book of pedagogical selections which have great literary interest: "Les Meilleures pages des écrivains pédagogiques," from Rabelais to this twentieth century, compiled by Edmond Parisot, doctor of letters, and Félix Henry, normal school director.

"La France au dehors" is an aggressive book on the Third Republic's foreign policy, by Jules Delafosse, who is now in his thirtieth year as member of Parliament. Like all intense Conservatives of his stamp, he is given to views; and these are of very little practical importance in a question so dead as Egypt, or so living as Morocco. His one plea is a regret, for it finds neither men nor things in accordance with it:

> Our international situation would be incomparable if France only had the government and institutions which it needs; that is, a state of things solid enough for a long-term policy, and strongly armed enough to make sure, everywhere, and for and against all, that her plans would come to something.

Such talk may distract minds—but it comes to nothing. The steady advance of French occupation in the Sahara region to the south of Algiers—and Morocco—lends interest to the first volume of "Sahara algèrien," by E. F. Gautier, member of a government mission of studies. The substantial text is illustrated by many figures and maps, and by sixty-six inset phototypes. With photographs, also, and a map, A. G. P. Martin publishes "Les Oasis sahariennes"; these oases of the Morocco frontier include some of the central "zaouïas" of the Mohammedan brotherhoods, which count for so much at present. "A la Cour de Fez," by Count Conrad de Buisseret, is illustrated by photographs which portray a régime that is past, whatever may happen to Abd-el-Aziz in the future. "La Suisse au XXe siècle," by Pierre Clerget, is an economic and social study of present-day Switzerland. It belongs to the same carefully prepared and well-edited series as Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's study of the United States. The author is a professor in the Ecole supérieure de Commerce of Lyons. "En Allemagne," by Jules Huret, is a book of good literature, though devoid of fine writing, sentiment, and theory. It is written by a man all eye and all ear, who has gone through the Germany of to-day looking and listening with the most intense curiosity and giving a clear report of everything. The present volume, which is the second to appear, goes from Hamburg to the Marches of Poland, by Kiel, Bremen, Mecklenburg, Dantzig, Königsberg. Steamships and figures of commerce, universities and students' *kneipes*, pedagogy and *kartels* of manufacture, Poles holding stoutly to their farms against Prussian pressure, and an interview with Prince von Bülow—all are equally good matter for this well-equipped reporter of the universe. From the reading of these volumes, one rises with an impression that he now knows something definite of modern Germany, even when he has himself travelled indefinitely through the country beforehand. "Chez les Français du Canada," by Jeon Sionnet, is an intelligent and sympathetic Frenchman's view of French Canadians, whom he has studied in Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, in the great West and Vancouver.

The Musée Océanographique of Monaco publishes several noteworthy volumes (*dépôt exclusif*, R. Friedländer & Sohn, Berlin). "La Caverne d'Altamira (Espagne)" is an extra-large folio of 287 pages, with 204 figures in text and 37 black and white and colored inset plates, reproducing the mural paintings and engravings of this palæolithic cave. It follows the previous publication of 1906-7, devoted to similar caves in France and Spain, and printed at the Prince of Monaco's press. The text and editing are by Emile Cartailhac, the well-known authority in prehistoric archæology, and the Abbé Henri Breuil, who has done so much in the discovery and exploration of such caves. "Les Grottes de Grimaldi (Baoussé-Roussé)" comprises a first volume of description by M. de Villeneuve and geology by Marcellin Boule, with 14 plates, and the first fascicle of a second volume of anthropology by Prof. Henri Verneau. The remainder—palæontology by M. Boule and archæology by M. Cartailhac—is in press. These grottoes form the completest cemetery yet discovered of the earliest races of fossil man.

In philosophy there are several volumes of interest. Under the auspices of the Institut supérieur de Philosophie of Louvain University, Dr. Paul Nève publishes a critical essay on "La Philosophie de Taine." It is an advantage to have such a neo-scholastic review of Taine's materialist, rather than positivist philosophy, which profoundly influenced French scientific thought until its author lost prestige by going in for re-

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actionary history. It was in sympathy, rather, with the historian than the philosopher that the French Academy this year chose for the subject of its prize of eloquence a discourse on Taine; the award—3,000 francs—has recently been made to Charles Picard, a *normalien*, with 1,000 francs to A. Lerey, a *lycée* professor. Marcel Hébert, from the Modernist standpoint, discusses "Le Pragmatisme" in its divers forms, Anglo-American, French, and Italian, and in its religious value. Two posthumous volumes gather together certain scientific papers of relative timeliness by A. Hannequin, late professor of the university faculty of Lyons, under the title, "Etudes d'histoire des sciences et d'histoire de philosophie." Léon Bloch, a doctor of letters (which comprises philosophy in French university titles), exposes with required fulness "La Philosophie de Newton." It is one of Newton's glories that his discoveries and works stir perennial questions, which no advance in science can still—the nature of force, of attraction and repulsion, action at a distance, and the other fundamental notions underlying all theoretical physics. To these works should be added "Agnostiques français," by Paul Cottin. The author is at once a Count and a former member of Parliament; but this does not withdraw his book from the general movement of the new thought, which leaves all men over fifty—Conservatives and Radicals alike—hopeless old fogies. Under the significant heading, "Positivism and Anarchy," the author deals with Auguste Comte, Littré, and Taine, in doctrine, method, social consequences, and criticism.

A. Carpentier of the Paris Court of Appeals and lecturer in the Law Faculty, publishes "L'Année législative et judiciaire" for 1907—a valuable summary of laws made and legal decisions rendered in France. Prof. A. Landry, in his "Manuel d'économique" of nearly 900 pages, sums up economic science handily and sufficiently for the needs of those university students who choose for their examination the new division of the doctorate of laws. Those who desire to know the authentic principles of the Radical party which has governed the French Republic for ten years can find no better instructor than "La Politique radicale," by Ferdinand Buisson. His almost over-subtle distinctions—for he is intent on conserving that somewhat forced unity of Radicals and Radical Socialists, of which he has been a foremost leader—will not prevent a clear appreciation of the differences existing between the various Republican doctrines. A portrait of the Radical patriarch, Henri Brisson, and a prefatory letter by Léon Bourgeois, who constituted the first homogeneous Radical government in the Third French Republic, appropriately introduce the book. It belongs to the valuable Collection des doctrines politiques edited by A. Mater. The "Catalogue général de la librairie française," begun by O. Lorenz and continued by Dr. Jordell, publishes its eighteenth volume, which is the first for the period from the year 1900 to 1905. It is an octavo of 804 two-column pages, covering the letters A to H. The nineteenth volume will conclude the period. An Annuaire des bibliothèques et des archives is published under the auspices of the French Minister of Public Instruction. The volume for 1908 comprises 360 pages. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first collected edition of the poetical and dramatic works of Goldsmith was published in Dublin in 1777 as "Poems and Plays. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. To which is Prefixed, The Life of the Author. Dublin: Printed for Messrs. Price, Sleater [and thirty other booksellers]. M,DCC-LXXVII." This seems to be a little known book. On the verso of the title is a note: "This Edition contains several Additions and Corrections never before printed; being the only perfect one ever printed of this celebrated Author's Poems." We have recently seen two copies on large and thick paper, a form not known to Anderson and apparently undescribed hitherto. One copy, in modern calf, has a leaf measurement of 7⅞ by 5 inches, and, except in size and quality of paper, is identical with the small-paper copies, one of which, in original sheep, has a leaf measurement of 7 3-16 by 4¼ inches. The other large-paper copy, in old binding, measures 8 1-16 by 5⅛ inches, and has a different title pasted on a stub. The first seven lines are the same, though a different setting of type. Line 8 is "Printed for," below which is an impression of a copper plate, evidently the "shop-card" of one of the booksellers, reading: "Wm. Wilson | Bookseller & Stationer | at Homer's Head | No. 6 Dame Street | the corner of | Palace Street | Dublin." Wilson's was the fourteenth name in the original list. This Dublin edition was reissued in London as a small volume with imprint: "London, Printed for B. Newbery and T. Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard. MDCCCLXXX." It has a frontispiece, engraved title, and three other plates, not in the Dublin edition. This edition is not mentioned in Anderson's Bibliography of Goldsmith, and seems to be undescribed. Another edition was published in 1780 in two small octavo volumes: "The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Now first Collected." This, which is comparatively common, is generally accepted as the first collected edition. Though it contains more poems than the Dublin edition, the arrangement is the same, and it was probably reprinted from that, with the additional poems added at the end of Volume I. The second volume contains only the two plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer." The "Life" prefixed is fuller than in the Dublin edition, but corresponding paragraphs are practically identical. Anderson notes that the Life in the Dublin edition is "a slightly varied issue of the 'Anecdotes of the late Dr. Goldsmith,' which appeared in the Annual Register in 1774."

In connection with the Church Congress which opened at Manchester, England, October 6, the John Rylands Library of that city prepared an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, principally Biblical and liturgical. This library contains a remarkable collection of some 7,000 manuscripts, of which about one hundred were chosen for exhibition. The catalogue of the exhibition, issued from the Manchester University Press, contains not only a detailed description of each of the items shown, but a list of the works on palæography in the library and a general account of the whole collection of manuscripts. Among them are a number of unusual personal interest; for example, the Gospel Book of Emperor Otto the Great; the Gospel Book of Queen Elizabeth; the Book of Hours of Mary, Queen of Scots; a Book of Hours, written and illuminated for Charles VII. of France; the Psalter of Jane of Navarre, Queen Consort of Henry IV.; the Missal which was painted (according to tradition, under the direction of Raphael) for Cardinal Pompeo Colonna; and Nicholas de Lyra's "Postilla," written and painted for the Malatesta family.

The library of a New Hampshire collector (name not made public) which is to be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, on October 21 and 22, includes one item of great rarity and interest: "A Short Narrative of Mischief done by the French and Indian Enemy, on the Western Frontiers of the Province of Massachusetts-Bay. . . . Drawn up by the Reverend Mr. Doolittle of Northfield in the County of Hampshire; and found among his manuscripts after his Death." Boston: 1750. Only one copy seems to have been sold at auction, Henry C. Murphy's, which brought $100 in 1884 and is now in the Lenox Library. Other notable items are: The first edition of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," 1875 (which has sold as high as $114); Lowell's "The President's Policy," 1864, and his "Il Pesceballo," 1862 (the second edition, printed in two signatures); and Hawthorne's copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," with his autograph "Nathaniel Hathorne, Salem, Mass.," three times on the fly-leaf. This was the way he spelled his name when at Bowdoin College, and it is so printed in the college catalogues.

The Anderson Auction Co. of this city begins the season on October 19, with the sale of the library of Dr. John W. Francis and William C. Nell. Among the more important lots are: A set of Hakluyt's "Voyages," a large paper copy of the scarce reprint of 1809-12, with the supplementary volume; Depons's "Voyage to the Eastern Part of Terra Firma," 3 vols., 1806, translated by Washington Irving, his first published work; the first edition of Locke's famous Moon Hoax, "Great Astronomical Discoveries lately made by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope," 1836; the second American edition of Shakespeare, 8 vols., Boston, 1802-4; and first editions of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Stevenson, Wilde, and others. In the sale of October 21 the Anderson Co. offers in manuscript and printed matter more than two thousand pages relating to the Tilton-Beecher affair of thirty-five years ago—a collection made

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by a member of the Tilton family, including 285 autograph letters, the correspondence of Tilton, his wife, and their children. Important books in the same sale are Barlow's "Vision of Columbus," 1787, first edition of his epic afterwards expanded into the "Columbiad"; first editions of Washington Irving, Holmes, Howells, Longfellow, and other American authors. Part I. of Henry W. Poor's library will be sold by the Anderson Co. on November 17 to 19, Part II. on December 7 to 11, and the remainder after the holidays. In the course of the season the Anderson Co. will sell the libraries of E. N. Lapham of Chicago, the late E. C. Stedman, and the late William L. Stone, besides the Chamberlain collection, postponed from last season.

On November 4, Hodgson & Co. of London offer a library, including two fifteenth-century manuscripts of Gregorio Dati's poem "La Sfera," with marginal maps (a similar manuscript sold last December at Anderson's bringing $105); Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, first edition; "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, with the portrait in the first state, but lacking two of the maps; and Peter Martyr's "Decades," translated by Richard Eden. 1577.

Correspondence.

A FURTHER NOTE ON THE DATE OF "KING LEAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The communication, "The Date of Shakespeare's 'Lear,'" written for the *Nation* of September 3 by Dr. R. G. Usher of Washington University, treats a subject on which some two years ago I happened to print a brief article in Modern Language Publications. I venture, therefore, a few words of comment on the points raised by Dr. Usher:

(1.) Dr. Usher greatly underestimates the amount of evidence that Shakespeare is indebted to Harsnet. His sole statement as to the evidence is:

> In Act iii., Scene 4, are mentioned the names of various hobgoblins—Modo, Mahu, and Flibbertigibbet—and these names are found in a tract published by Dr. Harsnet in 1603.

This sentence would seem to imply first that only these three names of "hobgoblins" are common to both works, that the names are found only in Act iii., Scene 4, of the "Lear," and that the whole argument for Shakespeare's indebtedness to Harsnet rests on these three words. As a fact, Edgar in his speeches alludes to all these devils, and to Frateretto (Harsnet's Frateretto), to Hobbididance and Hopdance (Harsnet's Hoberdidance), to Smulkin (Harsnet's Smolkin), and to Obidicut (Harsnet's Hoberdicut). These names occur in "Lear" iii., 4; iii., 6; and iv., 1; while another significant passage to be discussed later occurs in ii., 4.

But the evidence does not stop here. In "Lear," iv., 1, 60, Edgar alludes to Flibbertigibbet as the fiend "of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women." Now, when we remember that Harsnet's tract was based largely on the alleged experiences of three demon-possessed chambermaids in the family of Edmund Peckham, it is hard not to see a definite allusion to these events in the line. But "mopping and mowing" used in the sense of "grimacing" are certainly unfamiliar words. In the light of what we already suspect, are these phrases from Harsnet's tractate not somewhat significant: "If she have a little helpe of the mother, . . . make antike faces, grinne, mow and mop, like an ape"? Another passage from the "Lear" which requires glosing is ii., 54-6:

> O how this mother swells up toward my heart!
> *Hysterica passio,* down, thou climbing sorrow,
> Thy element's below!

A quotation from Harsnet clarifies the lines. The mother, he says, "riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head." In another passage Harsnet says: "Ma: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio,* as seems, from his youth, he himselfe termes it the *Moother.*" Lack of space forbids mention of several other lines in Act iii., Scenes 4 and 6, more or less closely resembling other passages from Harsnet. These may all be found in connection with the corresponding lines in the Variorum edition, from which Dr. Usher quotes. From this edition comes practically all the information given above. It has seemed worth while to mass together in substance several of these notes in order to show the real basis of the argument for Shakespeare's knowledge of Harsnet's tract.

(2.) The results of Dr. Usher's investigation are apparently to discover a widespread knowledge of Weston's "miracles," and hence to demonstrate the possibility of the view that Shakespeare came to his whole acquaintance with these facts without seeing Harsnet's "Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures." More than this, I think, cannot in justice be said. The argument from parallel passages seldom establishes a fact indisputably; and it must be admitted that Dr. Furness (not Dr. Furnivall, as Dr. Usher has it) overstated his case in declaring the proof of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Harsnet "sure beyond a peradventure." At the same time the evidence just recapitulated points to the printed account as the direct source of the dramatist's information rather than other possible sources suggested by Dr. Usher. This evidence has been examined by numerous competent critics since the time of Theobald, and, so far as I know, has convinced them all. Even so distinguished a Shakespeare scholar as Prof. G. L. Kittredge in recent years, upon a thorough examination of a copy of the original 1603 edition of Harsnet's tract, found no reason to query the correctness of the view which generally prevails.*

(3.) No one doubts that Harsnet's "Declaration" first appeared in 1603, and if Shakespeare used it, he must have written at least large parts of "King Lear" after that date. But Dr. Usher is mistaken in believing that the date of Harsnet is the sole reason for assigning the "Lear" to this period of Shakespeare's life. His suggestion that the "unidentified play" of 1594 might have been Shakespeare's first edition is improbable in the highest degree. The identification of this play with the anonymous "Leir" printed (for the second time?) in 1605 may be said to be established beyond a reasonable doubt by internal evidence. A hundred marks in the "Leir" point to its composition in the days of Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, and Peele, a decade before 1605. But on its title-page the publishers declare the play to have "bene diuers and sundry times lately acted," and the belief is general among scholars that it was Shakespeare's play that had been lately acted, and that the title-page was intended to deceive unwary book-buyers. This was in 1605, and we know that Shakespeare's play was acted at Whitehall in 1606. It cannot be believed that the play in any form was written much earlier. But aside from this purely external evidence, no competent scholar of Shakespeare's works on the literary and dramatic side would be willing to place the "Lear" far distant in composition from "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello." There are separate reasons for dating each one of these plays within two or three years of 1605, and the "Lear" undoubtedly belongs somewhere near them.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

University of Texas, October 1.

*In the Publications of the Modern Language Association, Vol. XV., No. 4, p. 418.

LADY MACBETH'S COURAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge last June, since published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September, Dr. H. H. Furness discussed very interestingly the well-known lines in Macbeth:

> That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
> What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.

If I summarize Dr. Furness rightly, his contention was that Lady Macbeth would never have done anything so undignified as to resort to "Dutch courage" and he suggested another very ingenious interpretation of the lines. I should not venture an opinion on so delicate a question; but an interesting passage occurs in "Love's Cruelty" (1631) by James Shirley, which, if it is, as seems probable, an imitation of the lines in "Macbeth," shows the view of at least one contemporary. Sebastian, who has reason to suspect that his daughter has been insulted by the Duke, resorts to wine for courage to resent the affront. When he has out-drunk his pot companion, he declares (iii., 1) in words which closely paraphrase Lady Macbeth's:

> He's drunk already.
> That which has raised me but to noble anger
> Is his distraction.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR

Wellesley Hills, Mass., October 4.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY AS TO DARWINISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to Dr. Francis Darwin's recent presidential address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Dublin, will you permit me to call attention to the following remarkable words written by Samuel Butler, whose book on "Unconscious Memory" was issued so long ago as 1880:

> Lastly, I may predict with some certainty that before long we shall find the original Darwinism of Dr. Erasmus Darwin (with an infusion of Professor Hering into the bargain) generally accepted instead of

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the neo-Darwinism of to-day, and that the variations whose accumulation results in species will be recognized as due to the wants and endeavors of the living forms in which they appear, instead of being ascribed to chance, or, in other words, to unknown causes, as by Mr. Charles Darwin's system (p. 280).

Dr. Darwin's address exactly carries out this prophecy even to the extent of using Hering's name as the chief source of his views. This is scarcely doing justice to Butler, though Dr. Darwin, it is fair to add, refers to him in a rather contemptuous footnote. It was Butler's insistence upon the three identities, (1) of life and memory, (2) of parent and offspring, (3) of instinct and inherited memory, which has brought about this complete reversal of the Darwinistic position on these points. It is true that Butler had been anticipated by Hering, as Butler himself fully acknowledged, even in the passage I have quoted; but Hering's pamphlet of twenty-two pages would have been entirely forgotten but for the five brilliant volumes in which that eccentric genius, Samuel Butler, insisted upon the importance of the new conceptions, and their complete divergence from the later Darwinistic views.

It is indeed remarkable that Dr. Darwin should have pronounced so strongly in favor of the Neo-Lamarckism, which his illustrious father had spent his whole scientific career in opposing. American biology has also some right to plume itself on having, under the leadership of the late Prof. E. D. Cope, consistently advocated the earlier evolutionary views, though opposed by the whole consensus of English biological opinion. This was shown most strikingly by the violent protest made against the London *Athenæum* in 1884 for its attitude in advocating the views held by Hering and Butler, which have now, after a quarter of a century, been adopted by Dr. Francis Darwin. The protests at the time were written by such authorities as Dr. G. J. Romanes, Sir Edwin (then professor) Ray Lankester, and even the redoubtable Herbert Spencer. I happen to remember these *Athenæum* articles, because —I happen to have written them.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

Yonkers, N. Y., October 8.

AN ARGUMENT FOR BRYAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to make an addition to your imputation of reasons (October 1) why the voter proposes to vote this way or that. There are two reasons that do not touch either candidate:

(1.) The Republican party should be turned out to a few summers of high hill pasturage and a few winters at corn stalk fodder on the north side of the barn. It has been too long in the stall and eating of the best in the crib, and greatly needs a change.

(2.) It should be turned out as a "rebuke" to the Great Rebuker, and as a decisive "No" to those who imagine it to be the proper thing for the President to name, and, having named, to elect, his successor. To permit such action, to approve it at the ballot box, might easily turn out to be a rather expensive error. You comment on the action of the President very justly, but what can be done about it if everybody is to vote for Taft?

Here are reasons, either of them very nearly, if not quite, conclusive, why one should vote for Bryan. But there are other reasons more personal:

(1.) He is sound and always has been on the vital question of Imperialism. Note his speeches in his first campaign. You say the extreme anti-Imperialists will vote for him. But why only extreme anti-Imperialists? And what is an extreme anti-Imperialist? If a man has any jot of the other thing in his blood he is no anti-Imperialist at all.

(2.) He is sound as to the tariff, and sound, it would seem, because he understands it; *i. e.*, in principle (in detail nobody does or can), both as it affects economics and as it affects social and political morality.

(3.) He is sound as respects the Trusts and capitalistic monopolies; or, if not wholly sound (*e. g.*, as respects remedies), sound enough to be trusted to steer a straight course and a resolute in the enforcement of the law.

Here are vital matters about which the *Nation* is also sound. Why, then, the *non sequitur* of "our best wishes" to Taft, who is sound as to none of these things? Because Bryan was once (very honestly and consistently) partly wrong upon the money question. But that is a matter of no present consequence. As you say, that vagary remains, notwithstanding the silence of the present platform, but the question does not remain. It is out of politics. And, how far back do we go with the history of our candidates' opinions? How far back must there be clear proof of impeccability with respect to these recondite matters? Too much is made to turn upon this. We look too anxiously to our pocketbooks and too little to our principles. You call Bryan a demagogue. If to stand stiffly up to unpopular ideas is demagogic, then your position is sound; for there is no little evidence that that is what the man does, although he undoubtedly loves popularity. He has obviously made a wide and deep impression upon sober folk here in the Middle West as of a sincere man who believes not only what he says as to matters of policy, but what he says to the people of the people. He might be called an enthusiast (if one liked him one might say idealist), but demagogue I believe he is not.

Let me add that I have never voted for Bryan (though I voted for Cleveland), but I incline to think it time for something radical to be done. We are running upon rocks, and there must somehow be a change of course. The old American optimism may be presently comfortable, but it is not safe.

J. KENDRICK KINNEY.

Madison, Wis., October 4.

THE LATE LOUIS DYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To what you said in your issue of July 23 in regard to the late Louis Dyer, I would add a word.

From the first day he came to Oxford in 1875, he showed an extraordinary power of sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, which soon made him the most conspicuous and certainly the most popular figure in the college. He was the first of a long series of such young Americans. Their vitality, their intellectual curiosity, their tolerance, their freedom from British conventionality, exclusiveness, and shyness, the very novelty of their mode of speech and their mental outlook, all contributed to make each of them a point of union for different "sets" and an invaluable element of friendliness and public spirit in a college. They brought a breath of freer air with them, and they were generously ready to allow that they, too, gained something. The great success of the Rhodes scheme as an Anglo-American experiment, owes not a little to these pioneers. This attitude Dyer kept up and developed when, after his English marriage, he settled again in Oxford years ago, to be "the American consul in Oxford," as he was called. No American visitor here, young or old, ever appealed to him in vain; and in every case of difficulty, when help, advice, supervision, or wise admonition was necessary, "Send him to Dyer," was the panacea. He had in fact a genius for friendship and sympathy. The peculiar difficulties of his own domestic life, due to the dark shadow which hung over it so continuously, elevated and purified this quality into the most absolute unselfishness.

These difficulties broke up his own work and tended to fritter away energies that might have done much if concentrated. But let no one deplore this. He was always at the service of any friend, at the call of any noble cause; and no one in Oxford since Jowett showed a higher public spirit. He threw himself into such unselfish work with an ardor that most men can hardly muster for their own closest interests; and his universal popularity and bonhomie made him an unrivalled canvasser. Some have spoken of his life as tragic: one friend has chosen a truer term, neroic. As a young man he had superabundant high spirits and a delightful gayety of nature; and he retained enough of these, with his keen sense of humor and his serene practical philosophy, to make his life not only a blessing to others, but a thing not unhappy to himself. He was one of those rare natures who seem to bring sunshine with them. Some called him too optimistic; and it is true he generally saw the better side both of men and things; and it is not too much to say that no one ever knew him bitter or angry or unfair. He was generous in every sense, perhaps to a fault, if there can be a fault in that direction. But in an over-critical close academic atmosphere such a never-failing charitableness as was in him is what can least be spared. Nor was he other than a shrewd judge of character, and well able to put a verdict on a charlatan or an evildoer, in a conclusive form, though always with a humorous touch that redeemed it from malice. It was his sense of humor again that helped, with his strong good sense and his broad humanity, to save him from the danger of pedantry, into which otherwise his own laborious diligence and his high literary standards, might have led him. So, too, his modesty, his gentleness, saved him from being over-critical and minute; and from the scholar's absorption and aloofness he was saved by his strong impulses of civic duty, which had led him to devote much time to social work, especially in organizations connected with his church, and with the care of neglected children. It was said that Dyer always had on hand some oppressed cause, some lame dog to help over a stile.

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With all this, he never ceased to be an intensely patriotic American. When, after taking his Oxford degree, he had offers to settle here, he was delighted with Jowett's saying to him, "Nemo potest exuere patriam"; and he returned to his own country till his English marriage. Probably the one thing he would have chosen to be recorded of himself, was his success in inaugurating first an annual reunion between American residents here and leading members of the university, and, second, a service in the Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day. For he not merely believed in the spiritual and intellectual alliance of the two kindred nations: it was his highest aspiration, and he has shown what one man can do by living for others and for a high ideal. As was finely said of another scholar, from his very calamities he won a wider outlook upon things, and a deeper sympathy with men.

ARTHUR L. SMITH.

Balliol College, Oxford, September 30.

"A SUGGESTED AMENDMENT TO GERMAN GRAMMARS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to point out that the "serious defect" which Prof. J. M. Hart, in your issue of October 1, seems to have discovered "in all German grammars within" his "reach" is anything but serious:

(1.) The monosyllables "das Ei" and "der Schaft" have nothing to do with "the stock rule for gender that nouns ending in -ei, -heit, -in, -keit, -schaft, -ung are feminine." Professor Hart will find this rule more accurately stated in all the following books, some of which ought to be within his reach: Whitney ("Compendious Grammar," §61); Whitney ("Brief Grammar," §45); Joynes-Meissner (§125); Brandt (§161); Edgren and Fossler (p. 20); Otis (p. 228); Sheldon (§10); Otto ("German Conversation Grammar," 26th edition, p. 54); Learned (§34); Dippold (§53); Bierwirth ("Beginning German," Lesson 8, and Abstract, §63); Bierwirth ("German Inflections," §45 D). Moreover, the hyphen before "ei" and "schaft" indicates that they are suffixes, and that the rule, therefore, applies to nouns of more than one syllable.

(2.) "Das Petschaft," which is indeed an exception, occurs, according to Käding's "Häufigkeitswörterbuch," only fifteen times in 10,910,777 words, or in reading matter amounting to about eight times the bulk of the Bible.

(3.) The "hundreds and thousands of scientific terms" ending in accented -in, like "Alizarin, Anilin, Morphin, Quinin, Strychnin," are no more likely to prove "a stumbling block to the ordinary reader" than the solitary "Petschaft," and the beginner, for whose benefit rules are made, is not likely to come across them at all.

H. C. BIERWIRTH.

Harvard College, October 3.

Notes.

In a few weeks the Chicago University Press will bring out Charles Richmond Henderson's "Social Duties from a Christian Standpoint." It is meant to be a practical manual, especially for young men and women "at the threshold of actual responsibility." From the same press is coming Dr. Walter Fairleigh Dodd's "Modern Constitutions," which contains in English the constitutions or fundamental laws of the Argentine nation, Australia, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Chili, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States.

From the list of the Fleming H. Revell Co. we take the following titles: "A Soldier of the Future," by W. J. Dawson; "Poems," by Mrs. Merrill E. Gates; "The Life and Work of Dr. Austin Craig," by W. S. Harwood; "The Life of Chaplain McCabe," by Bishop F. M. Bristol; "The Life of Sheldon Jackson," by R. L. Stewart; "Life of James Robertson," by Ralph Connor; "Levels of Living," by H. F. Cope; "The Gift of Influence," by Hugh Black; "Frugality in the Spiritual Life," by W. L. Watkinson; "The Jungle Folk of Africa," by R. H. Milligan; "Drugging a Nation," by Samuel Merwin; "Twenty Years in Persia," J. G. Wishard; "Letters from a Working Man," by an American mechanic; "The Call of Corea," by H. G. Underwood; and "In the Valley of the Nile," by Charles R. Watson.

The new publications of Brentano's will include "American Supremacy," by George W. Crichfield; "The Book of Georgian Verse," edited by William Stanley Braithwaite; "Two in Arcadia," by Lucine Finch; "Famous French Salons," by Frank Hamel; "The Tourist's India," by Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball; and "The Poems of John Keats," edited by George Sampson, 2 vols., in an edition limited to 350 copies for sale in the United States.

John Lane Co. will soon publish "Two Dianas in Alaska," by two women sportsmen; "Some Women Loving or Luckless," containing sketches of Queen Caroline Matilda, the Queens of Henry VIII., the Queen of Etruria, the daughter of the poet Monti, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Fanny Burney.

The autumn list of the Dodge Publishing Co. contains, among others, the following titles: "Love Poems of Robert Browning and Leigh Hunt"; Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 6 vols., edited by Augustine Birrell; "Wells and Palm Trees," by the Rev. Charles F. Aked; and "Seen and Unseen," and "Do the Dead Depart?" by E. K. Bates.

Next month Houghton Mifflin Company will publish a translation of Virgil's "Æneid" by Dr. Theodore C. Williams, headmaster of the Roxbury Latin School. They have added to their list Dr. Williams's translation of "The Elegies of Tibullus."

Saint Bernard's great treatise on "Consideration" is to appear, for the first time in English, in the Oxford Library of Translations. The translator is the Rev. George Lewis.

From Sherman, French & Co. will soon come a narrative poem in blank verse, by Howard V. Sutherland, entitled "Idylls of Greece."

The thinnest possible veil of anonymity is drawn over the recollections of one of the daughters of Frith, the English painter, "Leaves from a Life" (Brentano's). Her book has some of the qualities of her father's pictures; it is a good-natured, simple-minded, humorous presentation of a great slice of mid-Victorian England, a canvas full of figures rendered with practically no technique at all. The lady knew thoroughly the bourgeois Bohemia of 1860, and reproduces it artlessly:

I have only to close my eyes for a moment, and I see once more the Shirley Brookses, Mama, the Calderons, and Dolly Storer in a seaside drawing-room, while Mrs. Du Maurier, Yates, and I are at one end of the balcony, and Papa and Mrs. Yates at the other, I very much fear playing at flirtation, which naturally shocked me intensely when Papa was the victim, when suddenly Mr. Du Maurier began to sing; a perfect silence fell on us all. "Den lieben langen Tag" wailed out across the night, and I was listening to the mingled ripple of the waves on the shore and the lovely voice, my eyes filling with tears.

Royalty came to Bohemia sometimes, and the author records that she once rapped the naughty little fingers of the pretty delicate lad who is now the Emperor of Germany. She has the courage to repeat some very old stories, notably that of the death of Mrs. Proudie; on the other hand, she presents, now and then, a vivid observation of her own, such as the picture of Kyrle Bellew's father, the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew (whose real name was Higgins) raising his cassock as he mounted the pulpit to show his open-worked silk socks and patent leather shoes with broad steel buckles. The slipshod condition of the author's style is almost incredible. The everyday dilemmas of the English language are too much for her. She does not intend to imply group-marriage, when she speaks of "one of my brothers' wives," and means well by the friend whom she credits with the following knotty repartee:

"Read *Punch*!" said a man once, before Shirley Brooks, to me, "I thought no one ever did anything but look at the pictures." "They never do when they can't read," growled Shirley.

Alfred T. Story has published in "American Shrines in England" (The Macmillan Co.) a convenient summary of the English antecedents of a number of well-known Americans. Six chapters are devoted to a careful presentation of the evidence in regard to the Washington family, the last link in which was completed by the accidental discovery in the State Department at Washington, in 1902, of the will of Mrs. Martha Hayward, née Washington. The ancestry and English home of Franklin, of Standish, of Winthrop and Penn, of Yale and Harvard, of the Lees and the Adamses, are discussed in greater or less detail, with knowledge and with perspicuity. The book is attractively illustrated in color and in monotone.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney has added another volume, "Romance of Roman Villas: The Renaissance" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) to her deservedly popular series of books in which history and legend are woven into descriptions of famous edifices. Rome saw in the Renaissance the building of villas which remain to attest the worldliness and splendor of their Papal owners and the genius of the architects, sculptors, painters, and decorators who found in them their opportunity. Mrs. Champney has chosen the Belvedere at the Vatican, the Farnesina, and Villas Madama, Aldobrandini, d'Este, Borghese, Mondragone, Medici, and Albani, with Hadrian's Villa and the Colonna Palace as the scenes of her stories. These are judiciously varied so as to introduce many notabilities. The Borgias and the Medici, Caterina Sforza and Charles of

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Anjou, down to Murat, with painters and poets—Raphael, Sodoma, Cellini, Tasso—and Agostino Chigi, the Renaissance Rockefeller, are some of the *dramatis personæ* who act over again their tragedies or their comedies. Mrs. Champney has caught very well the air and accent of the Renaissance folk, and these stories, supposed to be based on fact, are often as good as Mr. Hewlett's fictions, while free from the preciosity of style into which he sometimes falls. The excellent illustrations, which comprise portraits, views, and paintings, deepen the impression of actuality made by the book, which ought to be a favorite.

"The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes" has been translated from the edition of 1554 (printed at Burgos) by Sir Clements Markham (The Macmillan Co.). The volume contains also an account of the Mendoza family, a short life of the author, Don Diego de Mendoza, a notice of the work, and some remarks on the character of Lazarillo de Tormes. It is evident that for this most recent English translator of the famous Spanish novel of roguery, such scholars as A. Morel-Fatio of the Collège de France and R. Foulché-Delbosc, to the latter of whom we owe the best available edition of the Spanish text and a noteworthy commentary, have written in vain. Their names he fails even to mention; still, in a foot-note to his unnecessary account of the Mendoza family and of the clever noble, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza—who, with all due respect, does not seem to have written the "Lazarillo"—Sir Clements naïvely remarks: "Doubt has been thrown on the authorship, but without sufficient reason. See Antonio, Bib. Nov. i., 291." That in the seventeenth century Nicolás Antonio doubted the ascription to Mendoza should be enough to alarm any scholar and even any modern virtuoso; yet in the present case Antonio is calmly overridden, and all recent investigations of the troubled question of authorship are ignored. Obviously this new version is published irrespective of easily accessible *apparatus criticus*. In its rendition of the Burgos edition of 1554, the present edition is relatively faithful. There are manifest, however, some failures to apprehend the Castilian idiom, and one is prompted to ask why, in a book which does not pretend to use archaic English spellings, there should appear such forms as "Castille" and "Castillian."

"Rothenburg on the Tauber," by Hermann Uhde-Bernays (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann; imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is a little volume that will interest all who have visited or are planning to visit this beautiful city. The illustrations by M. Ressel, some in the text, some full-page cuts, are competent but not striking. In half a dozen chapters the author sketches the history of Rothenburg, and guides the reader to the principal points of interest within and without the walls. The English is clear and interesting, though marred by an occasional unidiomatic turn.

The manifest connections between Buddhism and Christianity, both in points of resemblance and historical relation, have been noticed by many scholars, but hitherto there has been more conjecture than demonstration. Prof. Arthur Lloyd, in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, Vol. XXXV., Part ii., giving the results of many years of study, produces evidence to show the derivation of much of Japanese Buddhism from later Judaism, and early, especially Alexandrine, Christianity. His four lectures treat of Manichæism and Kobo, Daruma and the Buddhist Canon, Tendai and Shinshiu (the two most popular sects in Japan), and Nichiren and the Hokekyo. An essay on Food and Wealth, by a mediæval Japanese author, is a good specimen of native political economy.

Not the least interesting or important of apocryphal books is the Gospel of Nicodemus. Mediæval versions of it, or allusions to it, are almost endless. English literature from the eleventh century on is full of it. The old English versions were edited in admirable shape by Prof. William H. Hulme, some years ago, in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. XIII., and in *Modern Philology*, Vol. I. And now the same editor offers with like fulness and accuracy all the *metrical* Middle English versions, in the Early English Text Society, Extra Series C, 1907. We have italicized the word metrical in order to give to it the prominence which is its due. Strangely enough, the editor has omitted the term from his title-page, and at p. v. of his preface describes the present volume as an attempt to make accessible "all the known Middle-English versions." In point of fact, he reserves the prose versions for a future volume. Apart from this slight awkwardness of wording, the editor's work is of the very best. Especially interesting and helpful are pp. lx.-lxx., "A Brief Account of the Origin and Growth of the Descent Legend." Brief the account is, but lucid and comprehensive, and of the kind to give the reader a good start in the right direction. At two points only might we venture to grumble. The glossary, like nearly all in the Early English Text volumes, is not, according to our notions, quite adequate. Had we the space, we might adduce more than one word or phrase in need of elucidation. And even where the glossary does explain by a brief definition, it often fails to bring out the significance of the word. Thus, "corked," S. 605, is curtly defined "purple." This is true, but does not go far enough; one is forced to turn to the "Oxford Dictionary." Our other complaint is at the absence of notes. Professor Hulme justifies himself, p. v., on the plea that they have been reserved for "a special edition of one of the versions" now about ready for the press; but in all the texts and in all the versions there are passages sorely in need of annotation. Besides, in our opinion, each volume of the Early English Text should be, so far as possible, complete in itself. Among the questions calling for an answer is the allusion to the Septuagint as a collection of "sixty and ten" books, G. H. S. 1717, also Pilate's characterization of his wife as a *Saracen*, G. H. S. A. 206. This last feature is decidedly late mediæval, and to derive it from a Latin original (see p. vii.) is at least questionable. Still, we can scarcely be too thankful for Professor Hulme's patient toil among manuscripts.

The "Bilderatlas zur Bibelkunde," (Stuttgart: Theodor Benzinger) by Dr. H. Frohnmeyer of Nagold, and Dr. I. Benzinger of Jerusalem, although a work of less than two hundred pages, brings in its five departments more than five hundred Bible illustrations, all accompanied with explanatory texts. The five departments are the following: Biblical History, History of Israel, Cultus, Daily Life of the Old Israelites, Biblical Fauna and Flora.

The Moravian Brethren, the most active of all Protestant denominations in the foreign mission field, have just issued, through the Missions-Buchhandlung, Herrnhut, a "Missionsatlas der Brüdergemeinde," consisting of eighteen charts with explanatory text, which includes also valuable geographical and historical data.

E. G. Seeliger, in his "Der Schrecken der Völker: Ein Weltroman" (Berlin: Concordia deutsche Verlagsanstalt), pretends to portray the coming fierce struggle between England and Germany, and he assigns a particularly important rôle to the balloon as an instrument of war.

The Deutsche Verlagsanstalt Union, Stuttgart, has just issued a richly illustrated work of Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, "Amerika als neueste Weltmacht der Industrie: Neue Bilder aus Handel, Industrie und Verkehr in den Vereinigten Staaten." There are eighty illustrations.

Alexander Brückner has enlarged five lectures originally delivered in Frankfurt-a-M. into an interesting account of Russia's intellectual development as expressed in the works of its great writers. The title is "Russlands geistige Entwicklung im Spiegel seiner schönen Literatur" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr).

The members of the International Congress for Historical Sciences received as a souvenir a work of over five hundred pages, entitled "Berlin." It contains a full account of the institutes, museums, archives, libraries, the university, academy, and scientific societies, etc. Copies of this work can also be procured by others from the publisher, W. Weber, Berlin.

The latest addition to the series known as Meyers Klassikerausgaben, is a critical edition, in four volumes, of Jean Paul's works, edited by Rudolf Wustmann (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut). The editor has added an excellent account of Jean Paul's life, a special introduction to his writings, and explanatory foot notes. A portrait of the author and a four-page reproduction of his manuscript in facsimile are found in the first volume.

The original manuscript of Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe" has been found among the papers of the firm of Brockhaus. A number of letters have also been brought to light with it, dealing with the publication of the first edition in 1836.

A Thüringisches Wörterbuch, to cover in full the three leading Thuringian dialects, is to be prepared by a commission of scholars, headed by two Jena professors, B. Delbrück and V. Michels. The teachers of Thuringian schools, high and low, are to collect the data.

For the protection and development of modern Hellenism in the Orient, a number of French scholars have organized a Ligue française pour la défence des droits de l'Hellénisme, with headquarters in Paris, rue de Lille 44. This society has now begun the publication of a series of works, the first to appear being entitled "La Grèce" (Société française d'imprimerie et de librairie, Audin & Cie). It contains con-

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tributions from Théophile Homolle, Charles Diehl, Gaston Deschamps, Gustave Fougères, Michel Paillarès, Jean Psichori, Édouard Théry, Henri Houssaye, Alfred Berl, and Théodor Reinach.

The first Russian Press Congress decided to establish a Tolstoy museum in St. Petersburg, and to begin by collecting all the articles that appeared in Russia and in foreign countries on the occasion of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday.

In many of the schools of Connecticut the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Noah Webster will be celebrated to-morrow. In Hartford, where Webster was born, the exercises will be of special interest.

Jerusalem was the scene of three noteworthy events on September 14, all of which are indicative of the awakening of Asia. The principal one was the opening of the first public reading-room in Palestine, the inaugural address to an assembly of Moslems, Christians, and Jews being made by the Moslem judge and acting-governor. The room is well furnished, and supplied with Turkish and Arabic papers, to which will soon be added foreign papers, especially French and English. In the afternoon the first Arabic newspaper published in the Holy City, the *El-Kuds* (The Sanctuary), appeared. In the evening a night school was started, in which free instruction is given in the Turkish language and international law.

Daniel Coit Gilman died at his birthplace, Norwich, Conn., October 13. Born July 6, 1831, he was graduated from Yale in 1852, and continued his studies at Cambridge, New Haven, and Berlin. For a time he was attached to the United States legation at St. Petersburg. In 1856 he returned to Yale as librarian, and later he became professor of physical and political geography and secretary of the Sheffield Scientific School. From 1872 to 1875 he was president of the University of California, where his skill as an administrator was strikingly displayed. In 1875 he was called to be the first president of Johns Hopkins. His success in the conduct of this notable experiment in education we cannot now discuss in detail. It is enough to say that he made the name of Johns Hopkins synonymous with the highest ideals of scholarship. On his retirement from the Johns Hopkins in 1901 he served for three years as president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and he thus gave form and direction to that great undertaking. His interests, however, were not confined to these several institutions: he had been a member of the Board of School Commissioners of Baltimore, vice-president of the Archæological Institute of America, president of the John F. Slater Fund for the Education of Freedmen, vice-president of the Peabody Education Fund, a member of the General Education Board, a trustee of the Russell Sage Foundation, and a member of many learned societies, American and foreign. Public affairs also engaged his attention; he helped to draft a new charter for Baltimore; and from 1901 to 1907 he was president of the National Civil Service Reform League. He made many public addresses, and wrote for various magazines and periodicals. The *Nation* is particularly indebted to him both for contributions and counsel. Among his published writings are: "Bicentennial Address at Norwich, Conn." (1859), "Inaugural Address" (1876), "Life of James Monroe" (1883), "University Problems" (1888), Introduction to De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," "Life of James D. Dana, Geologist," (1899), and "Launching of a University" (1906). He also edited the miscellaneous works of Francis Lieber and Joseph P. Thompson, and he was editor-in-chief of the "New International Encyclopedia."

Elbridge Henry Goss, a banker of Melrose, Mass., died October 9 in his seventy-eighth year. He was a local historian of some repute. Among his books are: "The Melrose Memorial" (1868), "Early Bells of Massachusetts" (1874), "Bibliography of Melrose" (1889), "Life of Colonel Paul Revere" (2 vols., 1891), and "History of Melrose" (1902).

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the British diplomat and author, died October 11. Born in 1830, he became a clerk in the Foreign Office at the age of sixteen. He held various positions in the diplomatic service, and finally rose to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary at Madrid, 1892-1900. He was author of "A Life of Napoleon at Elba," "Memnon Letters on the Suez Canal," and "Some Notes of the Past."

SWEDENBORG, SCIENTIST AND THEOLOGIAN.

Swedenborg's Works. Rotch Edition. 32 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $35.

The question of Swedenborg's place among the mystics is raised again by this recent publication of his theological works. These volumes represent scarcely more than half of Swedenborg's prodigious literary output; and it is to be regretted that the editors of a series at once so extensive and so incomplete should let it lack the advantage of some sketch of the author's life and account of the omitted works. For Swedenborg's writings, far more than most men's, need the key of his life and character for their unlocking.

Emanuel Swedberg, later Baron Swedenborg, was born in Stockholm in 1688. The son of a Lutheran bishop, he was from a child deeply interested in religion; but the bent of his mind was eminently practical and till his fifty-fourth year he devoted himself to science and engineering with an industry and ability that won him high reputation. He was graduated with some distinction from the University of Upsala in 1709, and soon afterwards went to England, and later to Holland and France, to pursue his studies in mathematics, physics, and astronomy. He greatly desired the establishment of a chair of mechanics at his native university, and urged that, if funds were lacking, a professorship in theology might well be spared. He started a scientific journal, *Dædalus Hyperboreus*. At twenty-eight he was appointed assessor of the State Board of Mines. This post he occupied for twenty-six years, being detached from time to time for special services, or for prolonged foreign tours of study and inspection. These last took him all over Europe and brought him into contact with most of the learned men of the day. The letters he wrote on these journeys are of the greatest value as showing those mental characteristics which colored all his work. No detail of commerce or manufactory escapes him; his observations are shrewd and to the point. But to art and beauty he is blind. He tells us of the hidden wealth of the mountains, but never of their grandeur. The stones and dimensions of a cathedral elicit his praise, but of its feeling and spirit he knows nothing. He never rises above the machinery of life. His mind, absorbed in analysis, lets him see nothing whole.

Yet for this whole he is always searching, and for its discovery he sets himself to a task whose boldness and magnitude are equalled only by the unflagging energy with which he pursued it:

> The end I propose to myself in this work is a knowledge of the soul, since this knowledge will constitute the crown of my studies. I have chosen to approach by the analytic way; designing to consider and examine thoroughly the whole world, or microcosm, which the soul inhabits, for I think it is in vain to seek her anywhere but in her own kingdom. Thus I hope that, by bending my course inward continually, I shall open all the doors that lead to her, and at length contemplate the soul herself by the divine permission!

Some twenty years before he had published a dissertation to prove that the transmission of sensation in the body was due to vibration in the nerve fluids, even advancing the hypothesis of sympathetic vibrations as an explanation of what we now call telepathy. To these anatomical studies he returned, and for some years pursued them untiringly, seeking the greatest anatomists as his teachers. The result was the publication in 1740 and 1741 of his "Economy of the Animal Kingdom," and in the three following years appeared the first three volumes of what was meant to be a much greater work—abandoned, however, because he became conscious of its futility. As he put it:

> Nothing is farther removed from the human understanding than what at the same time is really present to it; and nothing is more present to it than what is universal, prior, and superior; since this enters into every particular and into everything posterior and inferior. What is more omnipresent than Deity—in Him we live and move and have our being—and yet what is more remote from the sphere of the understanding?

So, he tells us, is the soul in man. It is no secretion in our arteries or brains, no organ of the body. It is the Self, transfusing all, using all, giving life to all.

Yet his failure to find the soul where

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he had sought it was by no means barren. From it emerges his doctrine of representations and correspondence—that every physical fact is but the representation of a spiritual truth. This doctrine, old as the history of thought itself, and carried far in the philosophy of the East, came to him as a fresh revelation. From this time on he took this principle for his guide, and bent all his energies to the perception of the spiritual significance within familiar things. In 1745, he published what is usually regarded as the work which marks the transition from his scientific to his theological writings, "The Worship and Love of God." It is full of strange imagery, strange allegory of the birth of the universe, emanating from God; of the birth of the planets from the sun; of the animal kingdom from the vegetable; and the vegetable from the mineral. Each higher form lay concealed within the lower, gradually evolving and manifesting itself in unbroken series.

It was written at a time of great stress, in which, we learn from Swedenborg's private diary, his whole nature was undergoing an inner revolution. He dreams strange and terrible dreams. His conscience sears him for impurity of mind and heart. He falls into trances and has visions of both heaven and hell. Gradually, from their initial chaos, these visions become more ordered and more stable. He deems that he was taught of the Lord that spiritual truth is not to be known by the intellect, but by spiritual vision; and that he is bidden to record his conversations with angels and devils, and to interpret the inner sense of the scriptures—a sense which is to apply not only to the creation of the physical world, but to the creation of the spiritual man. At the age of fifty-seven, he begins this task and labors ceaselessly in its fulfilment for the thirty years left him of life. The thirty-two volumes before us constitute a monument to his fidelity.

Such was the man's life. The immensity of his mind is revealed in his works. His writings are encyclopædic. Methodical, logical, taking nothing for granted, despising nothing as small or unimportant, he gives to every detail of his themes the most painstaking treatment. Under the title of "The Heavenly Arcana Disclosed," he considers, sentence by sentence, the books of Genesis and Exodus, using his doctrine of correspondences to support the spiritual meaning which he finds in them, or which his visions have revealed. These volumes are full of rare insight, but are couched in a theological anthropomorphism repellent to our modern thought. In like manner he deals with the Apocalypse, and in "Heaven and Hell" and "Divine Love and Wisdom" he continues the record of "the wonderful things heard and seen in the world of spirits." Always analytic, dispassionate, unmoved to wonder or ecstasy, he passes with a cold, calm majesty through as varied a phantasmagoria as ever entered the human brain.

"Swedenborg, or the Mystic," such was the title and place which Emerson gave him. But as we read that essay, and even more as we ponder Swedenborg's own writings, we question whether Swedenborg was, after all, really a mystic. And this question rises and confronts us on every page, so dissonant is the message which seeks expression and the mind which seeks to formulate and convey it; for mysticism, we take it, is of the emotions rather than the intellect. Swedenborg's pages breathe the deepest intellectual truths, yet, untouched by passion, they leave us cold. His philosophic teaching is one of love—that love is the life of man and the Being of God—yet we rise from reading with no kindled spark in our hearts. In his pages love becomes a cold and distant thing—his joys are joyless:

> I see them all, so excellently fair,
> I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.

His mind, his great gift, proved also a barrier he was never able to transcend. Though his spirit strain the net of his logic and his incurable anthropomorphism, he never breaks through to freedom. "How different," exclaims Emerson, "is Jacob Behmen. *He* is tremulous with emotions, and listens awe-struck, with the gentlest humanity, to the Teacher whose lessons he conveys; and when he asserts that, 'in some sort, love is greater than God,' his heart beats so high that the thumping against his leathern coat is heard across the centuries. 'Tis a great difference." It is indeed a great difference, and as we look back through the succession of the *illuminati*, through the long roll of Christian mystics, Molinos and Fénelon, St. Teresa and John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Francis of Assisi, Tauler and Nicholas of Basle, and behind these to the mysticism of the East, which Swedenborg repeats in so strange a guise, the very identity of doctrine makes the difference more marked.

In the Mandukya Upanishad, whose date is so ancient that it is lost to us in the mists before the Buddha, we find such a division of the worlds and of consciousness as Swedenborg portrayed. Beyond the physical world of waking consciousness is the psychical world, where, as on a window-pane lit from within and from without, are reflected and blended images of things natural and spiritual. Here are shadows of the outer world, of old thoughts and old desires. Here, too, the truths of the spirit and the movement of the creative will take form and imagery. This is the world we enter in dream consciousness, as it is also the world of the clairvoyant and clairaudient. Beyond it is the spiritual world, the world of dreamless consciousness which we enter "when we enter into rest, desiring no desire, beholding no dream," when the mind is still and the consciousness passes to the heart. Here is the "womb of all"; beyond it is but the Infinity of God. This is the inner world of the mystic where, in silence and stillness, his heart is open to the Infinity above him and lays hold of spiritual knowledge at its root. To this third world, where the faculties are centred in the heart, Swedenborg was lifted; but in it he could not remain, for, as his whole life showed, he was always at bottom an analyst, and never attained to that mystic emotion in which the details of vision are swallowed up in a sense of ecstatic union with the whole.

No, Swedenborg was no mystic, but in his search for the soul, mysticism seeks voice and utterance. The mind of the scientist was torn open to dream and vision, but beyond the barrier of form he could not go. Yet if his heart lay dumb and silent, his will never faltered, and through the long years of his labor he earned the one title he ever gave himself:

Emanuel Swedenborg,
Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Even in these days of psychical research there are few more interesting problems than those presented by Swedenborg's theological writings, and patience is rewarded by sayings of pure gold. Their study is made easy by this uniform edition, with its attractive format, its good print and paper, and unusually full indices.

CURRENT FICTION.

Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

Once again Miss Corelli takes occasion, both in her preface (to American readers) and in her text, *passim*, to express her active contempt for that poor worm, the reviewer, who, we are not greatly startled to learn, is a "descendant of Ananias," and in the habit of deliberately distorting and "grossly falsifying" the substance of her numerous masterpieces as they fall from the press. It would be a pity if this impression of hers were just, for whatever her shortcomings, she must be recognized as a person who is in the habit of speaking effectively to a very large audience; and no reviewer with a soul ought to wish to misrepresent such a person. The fact is, we suppose, that Miss Corelli does not find that favorable criticism which expresses itself in number of copies sold altogether confirmed by the men of ink. In crude force and sincerity her stories are well beyond the average, and in art just sufficiently beyond it to impress the general. Add her belligerency and cocksureness, her air of reformer, and you have a recipe well-nigh infallible—when you have once caught your audience.

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"Holy Orders" is not a theological novel. Its simple proposition is that the English rural community is being ruined by adulterated drink. The demonstration is conducted with the usual exultant ingenuousness. And as usual the book will be made tolerable in not a few eyes because of one or two human figures in it, which do not care whether they help Miss Corelli demonstrate anything or not. Her young English clergyman is a rather flabby person; but there is a French priest who really engages one's attention, and even affection.

Every Man for Himself. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros.

From Gloucester down to the provinces James B. Connolly, George S. Wasson, and Henry M. Rideout have taken their readers, harbor by harbor, but no one is likely to carry us much further east than Mr. Duncan, who here collects ten stories of the bleak and sad Newfoundland coast and the grim, slow-witted, hardy men who earn a precarious living by cod-fishing on the Banks or "swile-" (seal-) hunting on the drifting ice along "the Labrador." Naturally, these stories are not cheerful. Clinging fog and bitter cold, wicked gray skies and everlasting east winds, chill the reader to his marrow, and the moral traits developed by the struggle for life under these cruel conditions are foreshadowed by the title Mr. Duncan has chosen. Across this sinister background shoot occasional gleams of tenderness, pathos, and heroism, and once, in "The Revolution of Satan's Trap," the author indulges in a delightfully romantic instance of poetic justice. There is an attempt, too, at variety through the introduction of two Syrian peddlers, one a tender-hearted poet, the other "thee mos' bes' business man in Newf'un'lan'," whose flashing black eyes and soft, wheedling speech contrast almost too sharply with the gray scenes and lives that offset them. But the author is at his best, on the whole, in such a strange and haunting tale as that of Abraham Botch, whose "soul went cavortin' over the Milky Way" while his body "lied in the wet like an unloved child," and who thought out for himself the Darwinian law while he drifted to open sea on a pan of ice; and in the grim tragedy of "slow Jim Tool," the kindly, gentle fellow who is finally goaded to murder by his vermin-like rival. An unforgettable scene from this story ("The Squall") is that at which the narrator peers over from the crumbling edge of the sheer cliff—Archibald Shott, "stickin' like plaster t' the face o' the cliff, . . . finger-nails an' feet dug into the rock, his face like a year-old corpse"; slow Jim Tool, "swarmin' up with cautious eyes an' feet, his face as white an' cold as the ice below, thin-lipped, wolf-eyed"; and "so far below that they looked like fat swile on the ice, the skipper an' the crew o' the Billy Boy, starin' up, with the floe an' black sea beyond, lyin' like a steep hill under the gray sky."

The Point of Honor: A Military Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: The McClure Co.

This is essentially a short story, slightly expanded, and by the device of large type and thick paper made into a little novel. It tells of a long feud between two officers of Napoleon's army—an affair, which began when they were lieutenants, lasted till they were generals, and even after that till Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo and taken to St. Helena. The tale is swifter in movement and holds the attention better than "The Secret Agent" or "Nostromo." It will therefore be more pleasing to readers who like a naked story, stripped of accessories. The characters of the principals are well delineated, with touches of quiet humor. Here, as in his earlier novels, Mr. Conrad shows himself a stylist of distinction, and his passages of description, though rare, are admirably done. The third chapter, with the retreat from Moscow as its setting, is particularly effective.

The Big Fellow. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

From the moment the Big Fellow steps upon the scene, that is, the first page, the limelight follows him, all against his will, but directed by the hand of his admiring creator. First it is his classmates who worship him. Then his landlady—his mother, aunt, and adopted girl cousin being, of course, *ex-officio* adorers. The man who holds a mortgage on Big's house next falls a victim; then the Irishman who is his neighbor in the "mixed gang" in which for a time he labors. The editor and the eminent lawyer take beneficial fancies to him; clerks and reporters cling to him. Barring a few passing hostilities with a politician or two, and a few "scraps" with socialistic Italians, ballot-stuffers, and their kind, adulation pours her copious libations upon his burly form. The President (of the United States, we mean) finds him the man of men to send to certain new island possessions of America, and thither he repairs, carrying his weight, his compelling smile, and his firm faith in the civilizing power of education and of confidence won by patient kindness. Here fall down new brown victims before his magnetic perfections. If fever, a few Spaniards, and an insurgent or two are unkind, they are in a very tiny minority. When he returns to the United States for his well-earned vacation, not only an ardent neighborhood welcomes him, but an eager public can hardly wait to nominate him Governor of his State. Meantime, the author's attitude toward him has been one of almost awed worship. And the reader—yes, the reader has long since fallen in line, after an instinctive but vain struggle not to yield to the mingled sugar and solemnity of the enveloping atmosphere. It is useless to hold out against the simple straightness ("not so damned simple, either," said the political enemy), the unconsciousness, the human power of the big boy-man. To the question, "Is he a portrait?" the author distinctly says, "No, he is the American policy of education and kindness."

Mr. Palmer's earlier book of stories, "The Ways of the Service," showed that he had a marked talent for the military and colonizing sketch. He has done larger and better work in this elaborated picture of America in the tropics, the Flag personally conducting the Constitution.

Flower of the Dusk. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

What could make the public more comfortable than two or three pairs of lovers belonging to the past, the present, and the future; a blind man, who, thinking himself rich, is in reality dependent on the exertions of a lame daughter; a doctor who heals them both; a copper-haired heiress, a blighted aunt, a boy dreamer of dreams and reader of books, with accessories in summer boarders, an eccentric old lady devoted to novels, an irascible judge and his omnivorous dog? The interest lies largely in the tenderly-meant deceptions practised toward the blind man, which weave a tangled web. The slight little luminary of a story twinkles here and there with fun and revolves in a vast atmosphere of songs, dreams, parables, rhapsodies. Perish the thought that the world will ever outgrow its liking for lucent syrup tinct with cinnamon.

Louise de la Vallière and the Early Life of Louis XIV. By Jules Lair; translated from the fourth French edition by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The court and amours of Louis XIV. have become a favorite theme for English and American writers in the last two decades. The protagonist in this field of late has been H. Noel Williams, who has given us vivid pictures of the Mancini girls, and of the haughty and imperious Montespan. But for the last twenty-five years the standard work on the private life and early love affairs of the Grand Monarque has been Jules Lair's "Louise de la Vallière," first published in 1882, since then thrice re-edited in French, and now translated into English for the first time. The story is most pathetic. A gentle, loyal, trusting girl, deliberately placed by a mere

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Austria in the path of her susceptible son, for the sole purpose of breaking up his intimacy with his sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, which threatened to become scandalous, is whirled away, almost before she knows it, into a life which was soon to make her profoundly unhappy. She loved the King tenderly and for his own sake, and was to learn through years of humiliation and misery that Louis was far less constant. When, some months after she had become his mistress, she first fled, in deep grief at a trifling slight, to a convent at Chaillot, Louis at once followed her thither in person, and, after an affecting reconciliation, brought her back in triumph. Nine years later, when for far greater cause she fled a second time, the King sent a messenger after her—the iron, inexorable Colbert—not because he loved her any longer, but because he needed her presence at the court to cover his relations with M. de Montespan, whose advent was the cause of the change. The contrast between the two women reminds one of Gabrielle d'Estrées and Henriette d'Entragues, in the days of Henry IV. In 1674 Louise de la Vallière obtained at last permission to retire. "I leave the world," she said, "without regret, but not without pain." At the age of thirty she entered the Convent of the Carmelites, in the Rue d'Enfer. Sister Louise de la Miséricorde was to expiate, by thirty-six years of seclusion, the whole-souled, unselfish passion of her youth, the only fault of her entire life. The news of her death did not seem to affect the King in the least. He exhibited throughout a cold-blooded egotism, the extent of which is well-nigh impossible to describe, and at the same time that almost inhuman reserve and self-control which enabled him to divide his life into water-tight compartments, as it were, and to write in his "Mémoires" the famous advice to his son:

> Comme le prince devrait toujours être un parfait modèle de vertu, il serait bon qu'il se garantît des faiblesses communes au reste des hommes. . . . Mais comme il peut tomber dans quelqu'un de ces égarements, il doit observer deux précautions: la première, que le temps que nous donnons à notre amour ne soit jamais pris au préjudice de nos affaires; la seconde, c'est qu'en abandonnant notre cœur il faut demeurer maître absolu de notre esprit, que nous séparions les tendresses d'amant d'avec les résolutions de souverain.

The translator of this interesting volume seems to have done her work faithfully, though her style is occasionally marred by unfortunate soliecisms; one cannot pass without protest, for instance, the rendering of "un de ces châteaux posés sur la cime des monts," by "one of those perched sort of castles" (p. 177). The illustrations are numerous and well chosen, and M. Lair's valuable footnotes and references at the bottom of the pages have been retained, though his documents and bibliographical comments at the end of the volume have not. Books of this type are becoming increasingly frequent nowadays, when the regular historical monograph is growing so specialized and technical that the general public does not care to read it, and, though these works can scarcely be regarded as the bone and sinew of history, they still serve a useful purpose in giving pictures of the past, if, as in the present case, they are honestly and thoroughly done.

Literary Reviews and Criticisms. By Prosser Hall Frye, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first defect of this book is its title. Seen on the shelves, the back suggests too easily a bundle of those fagots with which the columns of daily newspapers are stoked: pitiful "reviews," half summary and half comment, phrased less to instruct the reader than to disguise the ignorance of the reviewer and soothe the publisher. Nothing however, could misrepresent the work more: here are thirteen studies of the kind which some persons still think impossible outside of France, studies which help deliver men now from the flippancies of modish tastes and again from the solemn arrogance of perverted scholarship. Ranging from "Iphigenia in Aulis" to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Professor Frye contemplates authors and their books with eye undistracted by linguistics, or textual criticism, looking only for intentions and artistries. His subtle analyses will doubtless be called psychological, after the fashion of the hour. Yet the themes are literary, and no less literary is the handling. Mr. Frye's style, generally, combines finish with ease; its errors are those of too eager or too conscientious craftsmanship. Wielding a large vocabulary, the essayist occasionally seems to be exhibiting his dexterity; an over-polished phrase, a rare word now and then, but more often the elaboration of a thought by a string of nouns or adjectives, each fringing the bull's-eye, provoke this suspicion. Then, too, foreign words are frequent, where virtually the same shade of meaning might have been given in English: *Gens de lettres, Umgangssprache, procédé, aperçu, etc.*, dot too many pages with their italics.

As to the subject matter—the Elizabethan sonnet is first considered, historically and critically, with the conclusion that it may have been a deliberate experiment in ingenuity by a group of "wits." Then Balzac's character is dissected, not without originality; likewise the characters of George Sand, Zola, and Swift. Hardy's naturalism and Hawthorne's supernaturalism divert one briefly from men to philosophy. The longest contribution, on Dryden and the critical canons of the eighteenth century, is at once a piece of history and an essay on the relation criticism bears to art. In the last three essays there is a return to philosophies of life and art, when Anatole France, Sainte-Beuve, and Emerson are scrutinized. For all this miscellaneousness, the book is not inchoate. Its topics are texts for sermons on the foundations of Mr. Frye's literary faith; and, although the preacher is kept well in hand by the critic and historian, he manages to suggest unifying ideas. Because the unity is only hinted at, because the writer flits back and forth from description to comment, from comment to an interjection about contemporary affairs, and thence to the ultimate things of art and life, the pages are seductive; but this same charming variety has distracted him from the deeper consistencies. We have in mind a certain roughness in Mr. Frye's criteria and a lack of precision in applying them. For example, the writer's doctrine that great literature must have a moral purpose and his sharp distinction, brought out admirably in the essay on George Sand, between writing with such a purpose and writing for the exploitation of social or religious theories are irreproachable as points of departure. But the critic does not always hold to their direction unswervingly. Not that he changes his course; the trouble is rather that, not having charted it in full detail, he swings aside now and then unconsciously. In the essay on Dryden, we read:

> "The proper study of mankind is man"; in this sense every great literature is moral. . . . It is, as Matthew Arnold says, a criticism of life.

But later Sainte-Beuve's ideal of criticism, the connecting of an author and his works "on all sides with this earth," is censured because "it proposes to itself an end impossible of complete attainment; for such a criticism as this is nothing less than a criticism of human nature as a whole." "It amounts to a denial of all method, . . . it implies nothing less than absolute universality of mind and sympathy on the part of its wielder." The verdicts jostle each other. In requesting the novelist to bring to the study of life no preconceived ideas, is not Mr. Frye calling for "absolute universality of mind and sympathy"? And how can he make literature the criticism of life while denying this function to the critic of literature?

Moreover, in his comparison of neoclassic with Greek tragedy, Professor Frye seems to subscribe to the ancient conception of the relation between sin and suffering; at least, he describes as "thoroughly and consistently moral" a consciousness to which "the human creature would appear, by the illusion of moral order, accountable for what it is as for what it does." And there is more than a suggestion of this Greek

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belief in his studies of naturalism. Hardy's pictures of "the dark, irrational side of nature's dealings" show the worm crushed by the unwitting foot; but, adds the critic, "it is just this blind liability to accident which makes the worm a thing so contemptible." But is the worm contemptible, as men now think? Or has our morality gone astray? Again, while properly insisting, in his criticism of Zola, that the novelist must give us a sound conception of life, he complains of Hardy's lugging in "mischance and miscarriage—all, in short, that literature and art, with their passion for neatness, order, and clarity, have discarded as impertinent." But what if a sound conception of life must reckon with its fortuities? Here Mr. Frye appears to be swinging back and forth between a lofty realism and a very practical idealism. His wavering answer to the question whether literature should depict or inspire shows him still a trifle unsure about the utter falsity of this dilemma.

Science.

This week sees the first issue of a new monthly magazine devoted entirely to aeronautics. It is published, under the title of *Fly*, by Lawson & Kelley of Philadelphia.

At the Lowell Institute in 1907, Prof. C. S. Minot gave a series of six lectures on the question of senescence—a question which he has made peculiarly his own. These lectures were printed with abundant illustrations in the *Popular Science Monthly* last year. The same material is utilized in the newest volume of the Science Series (G. P. Putnam's Sons) bearing the title: "The Problem of Age, Growth, and Death: A Study of Cytomorphosis." In the main, this is a reproduction of the lectures as already published, but various minor changes and some additions, both to illustrations and text, do much to clarify the subject and to inform the reader concerning the literature. The additions are particularly noticeable in the chapter on "Differentiation and Rejuvenation," and in that on "Regeneration and Death." Then, too, there is an entertaining introductory letter to Angelo Mosso, to whom the volume is dedicated, in the course of which some account of the method of Minot's studies is given. Six appendices contain new details about the rate of growth in rabbits and chickens, and a discussion of the death of protozoa and some other problems closely related to the subject of the lectures. With his usual skill and lucidity the author develops his views concerning these questions which he has studied carefully for many years and to which he has called attention in many well known articles and addresses. A brief statement of such complex problems is dangerous but it may suffice to say here that the main contention of the book is: that there is a progressive differentiation of cells in animals, with certain characteristic variations for the various tissues and even for various animals, leading finally to death; that the animal ages as the cellular protoplasm increases in comparison with the nucleus, the degree of senescence determining the rate of growth. All this rests upon a number of hypotheses, which will perhaps long remain matters of controversy, and involves some apparent paradoxes whose exposition will delight the careful reader, even though he may here and there doubt the validity of the conclusion.

The "Functional Nerve Diseases" of Dr. A. T. Schofield of London (E. P. Dutton & Co.) hardly appeals to the general reader as much as the series to which it belongs (New Library of Medicine) was intended to do and in most of its volumes actually does. For the medical man, the book is perhaps too unsystematic and rather diffuse, although often undeniably stimulating. After a somewhat unsatisfactory consideration of mental processes and of the unconscious mind, much of the volume is given over to discussions of hysteria and neurasthenia, little space being allowed for the other ten diseases accepted as functional. The chapter on the "rest cure" is helpful and that on general treatment contains much that is good. The chapter in "psychotherapy," in which indirect suggestion appears to be the really important thing, is disappointing, partly because the author seems to be unacquainted with some of the more successful methods and partly because he does not present the methods with which he is familiar in such a manner that the reader may understand how to apply them. The therapeutic results of hypnosis in functional nerve diseases he regards as very disappointing—being most effectual in the production of sleep and in the relief of pain. Dr. Schofield's remarks on the various aspects of quackery are illuminating and his protest against the neglect of mental therapeutics is in the main just, but he is far more successful in stating the need than in exemplifying the means.

"Gray's New Manual of Botany: A Handbook of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of the Central and Northeastern States and Adjacent Canada" has been rearranged and extensively revised by Benjamin Lincoln Robinson and Merritt Lyndon Fernald (American Book Co.). The first edition of Gray's "Manual" was published in 1848, soon after Professor Gray entered upon his duties at Harvard. Previous to that time there had been a few useful handbooks of our Eastern flora, but they were all under the influence of the Linnæan classification. Dr. Gray broke with this artificial system, and brought to the attention of American students the natural system, which was at that time just beginning to make its way. From the outset the new treatise was received with favor, and enlisted the hearty coöperation of American students. Notes of additions to our flora followed each other with rapidity, were promptly recorded in the pages of the *American Journal of Science*, and were embodied in new editions or new issues of the "Manual"; and, with the advance in botany, the aid of collaborators was enlisted for special sections. After Dr. Gray's death, a revision (the sixth edition) was carried through by Drs. Watson and Coulter, in 1890, and until now this has had to serve. Professors Robinson and Fernald, who have long been connected with the Gray Herbarium, are fully conversant with the exacting demands of the "field" botanist. These demands they have met very largely on the lines of the former editions in a convenient and scholarly work, fully abreast of the times. Many new features have been introduced in order to facilitate identification of species, but these additions have been made without materially changing the "Manual" in size or appearance.

It is a pleasure, in the midst of the increasing output of nature-books, to come upon one, like "The Sport of Bird-Study," by Herbert K. Job (Outing Publishing Co.). It is quite devoid of unwholesome sentimentality, and yet shows for the bird world as loving sympathy as man can well have with the lower species. Mr. Job was one of the first to look upon the camera as a nobler weapon than the gun, and he is certainly to be numbered among the three or four most successful photographers of birds and their nests, besides being undoubtedly a field ornithologist of the first rank. In his latest book he endeavors to disclose to his readers a new sport, describing vividly the fascination, the difficulty, the healthfulness, and even the dangers of "hunting with the camera," in which the bag is made by the exulting sportsman without hurting even a feather of the quarry. Mr. Job has no need to go after mountain lions or grizzly bears for excitement. Witness his hunt for the worm-eating warbler, a specimen of which he had as yet never seen except in the pages of Audubon:

> Just as I raised my field-glass it flew, but in that instant I thought I saw bold stripes on the head. Instantly Audubon's picture of the Worm-eating Warbler flashed into my mind. I am fortunate enough to own a set of Audubon, and it was probably that which started me out as a child with a passion for birds. Though confident that I had just seen my first "worm-eater," I must have a better view to be sure. So I followed after it along the strip of trees and shrubbery, hoping that I might start it again. About a hundred yards further on a bird flew from the ground which I thought was the one. It kept flitting on and on, after brief stops among the patches of fern, until I was about in despair of getting a good look at it. Finally it seemed to stay in one spot and I stole up with caution. Peering through the bushes, I was thrilled and delighted to see it sitting motionless on a log, within a very few feet of me, an undoubted Worm-eating Warbler, with the bold stripes on its head.

The volume is beautifully got up, as regards both paper and type, and the half-tone reproductions of the numerous interesting and valuable photographs by the author are excellent.

Drama.

The authoritative life of Henry Irving, by Austin Brereton, is about ready to be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

"Getting Married and Other Plays," by George Bernard Shaw will soon be published by Brentano's.

One of the latest additions to the body of unacted poetic drama, which of late has been growing somewhat rapidly, is the five-act tragedy "Hero and Leander" (Henry Holt & Co.), by Prof. Martin Schütze of the University of Chicago. It is a work showing some power of dramatic invention, literary facility, and occasional flights of poetic fancy, although the language in

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which these are expressed is likely to degenerate into unmistakable prose. Felicitous lines are frequent, and imaginative passages are not rare, but the flashes of eloquence are too far apart to make the illumination general. The author has not allowed himself to be fettered by undue reverence for the old legend or for classical restrictions. He has created a new story, new personages, and a new catastrophe, making Hero stab herself over the body of her drowned lover, instead of letting her leap into the sea. That, however, is not a matter of much moment, perhaps, when weighed against the necessity of a stage tableau. It may be said in favor of this play that it is more fitted for actual representation than many pieces which glow more brightly with the divine flame, giving opportunities for spectacular display which might prove tempting to a practical manager, while good actors in the parts of Hero and Leander might provide some thrilling moments. The consecration of Hero in the Temple of Venus Urania, the apparition of Leander, his encounter with the temple guards, the episodes attending Hero's surrender, and the storm with its tragic outcome are all valuable theatrical incidents. As for the play itself, if it is not a brilliant example of poetic tragedy, it is a capable, dignified, and interesting composition which would be a credit to any theatre producing it; and the verse would present no insuperable obstacle to players of ordinary competence.

Beerbohm Tree promises a number of interesting performances for his London theatre. These include an Egyptian play, in which Louis N. Parker and Hall Caine are to collaborate; the presentation of "Macbeth," in which Gordon Craig will have a great deal to do with the scenery; a revival of "a great English comedy"—"The School for Scandal" at a guess—with an all-star cast; a fairy piece; and a new poetical play by Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appear to have been rather successful in London with "The Whirlpool" of Herbert Swears, in which the former plays the middle-aged American speculator and the latter the sentimental spinster. It is a conventional tale of gambling, dishonesty, lost fortunes, and self-sacrifice, with some sentimental passages for Mrs. Kendal.

The site of Shakespeare's Globe Playhouse in London, on Bankside, Southwark, is to be marked. An executive committee of the Shakespeare Reading Society of London has charge of the matter, and has engaged Prof. Edward Lanteri to execute a mural tablet from the designs of William Martin. The tablet will be in bronze relief, and will depict Bankside in the time of Shakespeare, a bust of the poet appearing as an inset. Permission for the erection of the bronze has been obtained from the owners of the site, and an appeal is to be issued for subscription.

A new theatrical journal of considerable ambition has been started in Vienna, the *Wiener Theater-Courier*. Rudolf Huppert, Alex. Hengge, and R. F. Jamök are editors.

Gerhart Hauptmann is at work on a new play, "Griselda," for the Lessing Theatre.

Music.

Musical Memories. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

Mr. Upton wrote the first musical criticism printed in a Chicago newspaper, and for about half a century he has heard and discussed pretty nearly everything worth hearing produced in that city. It is therefore quite in order that he should write a chronicle of music in Chicago from its humble beginnings, more than seventy years ago, "when Indians and coyotes outnumbered whites there almost ten to one," to the present day. It was in 1833 that the village of six hundred residents heard its first music in the strains of Mark Beaubien's fiddle. An exciting event in the village was the arrival, two years later, of the schooner which brought the first piano. Thirteen more years elapsed, however, before the first great pianist, Richard Hoffman, visited Chicago. In 1850 the first opera troupe captured the town, and thenceforth the progress was steady, if slow. It was interrupted temporarily by the great fire of 1871; but even in that emergency there were entertainments which helped the people to bear up against the calamity during the gloomy winter following.

By far the most important event in the musical history of Chicago was the formation, in 1891, of a permanent orchestra, with Theodore Thomas as leader. For the first time in his life that great conductor had players whose salaries were guaranteed, and hence he had little difficulty in procuring first-rank men and was not harassed by personal financial responsibilities. Nothing short of such an advantage could have induced him to leave New York, to which he felt attached, in spite of much shabby treatment. Some disappointments he had in Chicago, too. The failure of his World's Fair scheme was a tragedy to him. His intention was to exhibit in a series of concerts the world's musical progress from the early classical period to the present day. His plans were frustrated, as Mr. Upton has shown in detail in his biography of Thomas, "by the incompetency of some of his assistants, the ignorance of some of his official superiors, and the jealousy and greed of commercialism." He retired from the field in August, instead of in October, as he had intended; and when, subsequently, the managers of the St. Louis Exposition invited him to take the musical directorship, he promptly declined and advised them to confine their music to the band stands in the open air. In one respect Theodore Thomas must have felt much more at home in Chicago than in New York. It was his conviction that "a symphony orchestra shows the culture of a community, not opera." Now, in New York, concerts have always played second fiddle to the opera, whereas in Chicago the Thomas and other concerts are preferred. One looks with amazement at the list of operatic performances at the Auditorium in nineteen years (pp. 308-9)—only 278 in all, or fewer than New York has in three years. Among the seventy-nine different operas in the list eighteen were for the first time in Chicago; and of these eighteen, ten failed to pay expenses.

Of the 345 pages in Mr. Upton's volume only the last 134 are devoted to a record of purely local matters. The first fifteen chapters are filled with reminiscences of musicians of various grades, and their managers, who visited Chicago. With most of these artists—and the list comprises nearly all the celebrities heard in this country during the last half century—the author had personal acquaintance of a more or less intimate kind. He does not content himself, however, with a mere record of what he heard and saw, but adds miscellaneous information to fill out his sketches. It is worthy of note that after hearing all these, he still regards Jenny Lind's singing as the ideal exposition of the art of song. He was a college freshman when he caught the Jenny Lind fever, which raged on both continents, so that even Berlioz wrote to a friend: "I shall not go to London this season. The Lind fever makes all musical enterprises impossible." She was the first really great singer to visit this country, and her enormous success soon set the tide of rivals flowing in our direction; all of which was water for Mr. Upton's mill. He heard Patti in the early fifties at the Tremont House, Chicago, where she sang in a dining-room concert. Amusing accounts are given of the wars between Patti and Gerster, Minnie Hauck and Marie Roze, Lydia Thompson and the editor of the Chicago *Times;* also, of the stupendous national and international peace jubilees of Patrick Gilmore. This Irish bandmaster once told the author that he would be delighted if he could only have church bells, cannons, and anvils with every piece he played, not merely for their effect upon audiences, but because he enjoyed them himself. He found out, however, that a chorus of 20,000 singing to an audience of 50,000 produced no more effect than a smaller number of voices in a proportionately smaller hall; and he acknowledged to Mr. Upton that he was done with "tornado choruses." Of the violinists our author has heard these fifty years, he found Wilhelmj the most impressive, and Rubinstein among the pianists. This great Russian never practised; "he almost utterly ignored audiences, and the more frantic the applause, the less likely was he to recognize it." One may surmise that this was due largely to the fact that the ap-

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plause was not likely to be in proportion to the merit of the music:

He found he was expected to lower his own standards, and this he was too honest to do, so his tour was a disappointment.

The author lost an opportunity here to comment on our progress in musical culture, for Paderewski and other great pianists are no longer expected, when they come to this country, to lower their standards. The change is still more emphasized when we contrast the present with the time of Gottschalk, who regaled his audiences with his "Bamboula," "Ojos Creollos," "Le Savanne," and "Banjo," reserving Beethoven and Mendelssohn for his intimate friends.

Mr. Upton's book is one of the most valuable contributions to American musical history ever issued, and the numerous personal sketches and anecdotes interspersed make it as interesting as a novel to music lovers. While enjoying the delights of recollection, he has no doubt that his successor, who will write the story of the next fifty years of local music, will have as great names and more important events to discuss; Mr. Upton is optimistic enough to believe that "the musical future of Chicago will be greater than its past or present, notwithstanding its increasing materialism and commercialism."

The centenary of Mendelssohn's birth will be celebrated by the Oratorio Society on January 4, by the performance of his "Elijah" at Carnegie Hall. This will be the third concert of the season. Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova," which made such a favorable impression last year, will be sung on December 2. "The Messiah" will be given on December 26 and 29. "The Dream of Gerontius," by Elgar, will be revived on March 20; and on April 8 the season will close with Bach's "St. Matthew Passion."

Gustav Mahler will conduct three of the concerts to be given by the New York Symphony Orchestra; the others will be under the direction of Walter Damrosch. Among the soloists will be Geraldine Farrar, Jeanne Jomelli, Lhévinne, Albert Spalding, Sasslavsky, Mannes. Among the works to be heard will be Mahler's second symphony, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Brahms's first symphony, Dvorák's "In der Natur," and Elgar's symphony; also, the opera overtures of Mozart and his concertos for flute and clarinet, a group of Italian overtures by Donizetti, Rossini, Bazzini, and Sgambati, George Schumann's variations and double fugue on "ein lustiges Thema," Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," Raff's "Im Walde," Chadwick's third symphony, and Loeffler's "La Villanelle de Diable," The Mendelssohn centennial concerts will include, besides the Scotch and Italian symphonies, the fragment of the unfinished opera "Loreley." The symphony "Antar" will be performed in memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff. A Tchaikovsky cycle, consisting of Tchaikovsky's works performed in chronological order, will be begun during the second series of the Sunday afternoon concerts.

Art.

Denkmäler ægyptischer Sculptur. Herausgegeben und mit erläuternden Texten versehen, von Fr. W. Freiherrn von Bissing. Munich: Verlagsanstalt F. Bruckmann.

Familiar only with the cold, placid, and monumental sculptures of Egypt's Greek and late pre-Greek period, both Winckelmann and Ottfried Müller failed to discern the powerful individuality which the discriminating eye can now perceive in the older work, recovered and studied since their day. Yet the verdict of these two men on the character of Egyptian art is at the present day still current. It was therefore an admirable project undertaken by Prof. Baron von Bissing to collect in this splendid series of plates the greatest works of Egyptian sculpture of all ages, and to accompany them with a text containing a systematic attempt by modern methods, such as obtain in classical archæology, to examine them exhaustively, estimate them intelligently, relate them to each other and to their period, and thus trace for the first time on an adequate basis of observation the great lines of the development. Now that the enterprise has progressed to the seventh fascicle (there are to be twelve in all), the character of the work emerges more clearly than in the first two *livraisons*, already reviewed in these columns. (See the *Nation* of October 4, 1906, p. 291.)

The text contains many permanently useful discussions, and the main results may be regarded as a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the subject, even though some reservations in this verdict must be made. In the discernment of the gradual emergence of the individual, as observable in Egyptian art, the text falls short. This is noticeable in the discussion of portraiture (Text-plate 39), where only the conventional and all powerful "typical" style is treated, whereas there are unmistakable examples in which the sculptor, even as far back as the Old Kingdom, before 2500 B. C., abandons the prevailing types of the Egyptian nobleman, and likewise violates the ruling canons of drawing, to produce the individual as he was actually discerned. Some striking examples of this have been recently published by Capart in his "Une Rue de tombeaux," showing that portraiture really existed in the remote age of the Old Kingdom, whether the subject actually *sat* for the sculptor or not. The sharp distinction between these two schools, as the author in some periods does not fail to notice, can be traced throughout the course of the history of Egyptian art, just as the intimate and informal style of portraiture alternates with the formal and conventional school in the history of European art. In the Saitic age, however, just as in the Old Kingdom, this individuality has not been discerned by the author, for the reason that the marvellously individual portraits of that age are incorrectly dated by him in the Ptolemaic period. Yet the evidence for their Saitic date is complete and convincing. A relief unquestionably of the Saitic period, at Berlin, contains a portrait head displaying all the characteristics and peculiarities of the remarkable Saitic portraits in the round, and leaves no possible question as to the date of the latter. The question is of importance to all students of the history of art, for it is the question whether an Oriental civilization produced such matchless portraits as the well-known "Green Head" at Berlin—portraits unsurpassed in the ancient world anywhere—or whether they were to some extent a product of Greek influence, as they must have been if produced later in the Ptolemaic period.

To the question of the rise of the group as a problem in sculpture, discussed by the author (Plates 29 and 55A), must now be added the remarkable evidence found by Prof. Ludwig Borchardt at Amarna, showing that in the court of the palace there, there once stood a group in the round, depicting the king in his chariot urging his speeding horses after the wounded lion. This discovery must profoundly alter our whole conception of Egyptian art.

Another criticism of the text is that the author seems occasionally unfamiliar with the ancient inscriptional material bearing upon the works or the problems under discussion. He takes up the question (Plate 58) of the alleged statement in an obscure passage of a hymn to the Nile-god, that no stone images of him were ever made—evidently without knowing that the Papyrus Harris (40b-41a, 55a, 73:1, 13, etc.) records the making of scores of such statues of this god by Ramses III. Likewise, discussing Wiedemann's extraordinary assertion that the Egyptians made no cultus images of their gods, the author (Plate 57) can cite only late Greek literary evidence against Wiedemann's impossible position, whereas there is plenty of contemporary inscriptional evidence to disprove it, especially the Papyrus Harris just mentioned. Querying whether the commonly pictured posture of the Pharaoh, seizing a vanquished enemy, particularly a hostile chief, by the plume on his head, may not depict an act of especial humiliation to the foe (Plate 33A), the author might have found the answer in the inscription on the well-known "Israel Stela," where the humiliation of the defeated Libyan king is rendered the more vivid by the statement that he fled "with no plume

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upon his head," showing clearly that loss of the plume was a disgrace. Sometimes, also, the modern evidence has escaped the author, though he shows wide acquaintance with it. In the discussion of Colossi (Plate 54) there is, strangely enough, no reference to the fragments of the vast colossus, some ninety feet high, the greatest known, found by W. Flinders Petrie at Tanis (Petrie, "Tanis I.," pp. 22-4).

Some inaccuracies of an essential character have crept into the author's descriptions. Plate 37 exhibits a fine sphinx portrait termed by the author in the legend, "Sphinx der Koenigin Hatschepsowet," and so again in the text to Plate 38 (with a different spelling); but in the text to Plate 37 no name is given, and the evidence of the inscription is conclusive against the identification with the well-known queen. The text to Plate 37 also calls the Great Sphinx of Gizeh beardless. That he is at the present day, to be sure; but large fragments of the beard were found in the sand before the breast by Vyse in 1837, and one considerable piece at least is in the British Museum.

The presentation of the greatest sculptures of Egypt in some hundred and fifty plates is not an easy task; but just for this reason no plates should be wasted. For example, in Plates 60-61, 62-63, 65-66, and 67-68, we have in each pair two plates devoted to one head, when both points of view might have been fairly combined on one plate, involving a loss of four plates unnecessarily. We must ask also, why in a series of Egyptian sculpture we find no example of the greater colossi? The best preserved, those at Abu Simbel, should unquestionably be given in at least one plate. Again, we would express the hope that before the series is closed at least one piece, like the charming little relief of Ikhnaton and his queen at Berlin, may be reproduced in the original colors. No ancient art possesses so many examples of well-preserved color, and this work will be incomplete without at least one example. The execution of the superb plates is what we have learned to expect from the experienced *atelier* of Bruckmann. It is occasionally evident, however, that these skilled photo-engravers were not always furnished with a sufficient negative. It is a pleasure to turn from the very few insufficient plates to the matchless reproduction of the Turin Ramses on two of the finest plates in this series. We commend them to any one who desires an adequate impression of the refinement of which the greatest sculpture in ancient Egypt was capable. Although we have not been able to agree with the author in all points, we are glad to congratulate him on the progress of his work, which will form an indispensable basis for the study of Egyptian art.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has secured a Madonna and Child by Giovanni Bellini, the most important work of the Venetian school which the museum has yet acquired. The picture, painted in oil on a poplar-wood panel, measures about thirty-five by twenty-eight inches. In front of a dull orange red curtain the Madonna is seated holding the Infant Christ in both hands. The curtain is drawn aside, revealing behind the Madonna's figure the outskirts of a small hill town; a winding road leads toward houses which have chimneys in the Venetian fashion; there is a single fortress tower, and beyond a vista of mountain ranges. Throughout December there will be an exhibition of the material gathered by the Egyptian expedition of the museum. Albert M. Lythgoe, curator of the Egyptian antiquities, reports substantial progress in the excavation of the Pyramid of Amenehat. The season for working ended about the middle of June. He will begin again in November, with six assistants, the largest number that has engaged in the work.

A fine Roman sarcophagus in excellent preservation has been found in the Vicolo Malabarba, outside the Porta S. Lorenzo. It is 5 feet 7 inches long by 1 foot 6 inches wide, and the cover measures 5 feet 8 inches by 2 feet 4 inches. The front and one side of the sarcophagus are covered with scenes in relief of a Roman victory over barbarians, probably the Parthians or the Dacians. One of the most spirited incidents is a Roman soldier forcing a captive barbarian to bow down and do obeisance to a youthful figure, representing either a Roman emperor or an imperial general. Other scenes represent a barbarian in chains with his wife and child; a bearded barbarian led by a Roman soldier; and a fine figure of Pegasus, which Prof. Dante Vaglieri believes to have been the standard or ensign of the legion to which the dead man belonged. Inside the sarcophagus were a skeleton, a glass vase, and a silver denarius coined under Titus.

A few days ago the cable dispatches announced that Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of "The Last Supper" had been saved from the ruin which seemed inevitable. *La Rassegna Contemporanea* gives further details of the process. Luigi Cavenaghi, director of the Industrial School of Milan, and a competent fresco-painter, had the work in charge. The chief damage to the picture came from the curling up and peeling off in little flakes of the colored surface. This came partly from the disintegration of the original plaster and partly from the restorations made in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Sig. Cavenaghi has discovered a means of re-attaching these tiny scales to the wall by the use of resinous gums, with the result that it is possible to clean the dust from the entire painting, and so to distinguish between the original colors and those added by later restorers. "Thus is exploded the legend," says the *Rassegna*, "that the Cenacolo was wholly done over in the eighteenth century."

The death is announced of Madame Bon (formerly Marie Viaud), sister of Pierre Loti. She was an artist of some distinction, and is said to have left a number of finished pictures.

Finance.

THE "WAR SCARE" IN WALL STREET.

The events of last week in Southeastern Europe excited on the stock exchanges a real "war scare." The week's decline of 6¼ points in Turkish bonds, of 1⅝ in British consols, 1½ in German public securities, ¾ in the French, and 3¾ in Russians, showed what Europe thought. The 4 to 7-point decline on the New York Stock Exchange, the sales of 220,000 shares of our securities by Europe, and the resultant rapid movement of foreign exchange against us, indicated the character of the market here. But hardly had this alarm reached its climax last Friday, when the home and foreign markets turned, and in forty-eight hours regained the greater part of their losses of the week. Obviously, this recovery was in the main a response to the peaceful tone of the European dispatches of Monday, as compared with the threatening news of Saturday. It also, doubtless, reflected relief at the disappearance of last week's Stock Exchange tales of the Servian guerrillas who had invaded Austria, the Turkish gunboat which had fired on a Bulgarian ship, and the armament embarked from Constantinople to subdue the Cretans. The question remains, however: How much genuine basis, from the point of view of the financial market, was there for this flurry?

In recent years we have become rather familiar with war scares, and on the whole, that experience has not inspired great dread of them. Three "war scares" of the last decade were faithful forerunners of real war—those of April, 1898, of September and October, 1899, and of January, 1904. But even in these instances the financial disturbance turned out, in two cases out of the three, to be a temporary affair. The Spanish war and the Japanese war upset the New York Stock Exchange to some purpose at the outset, but this fall was quickly followed by recovery and return of real prosperity, even while the fighting was in progress. With the Boer war, the outcome was different: the "industrial boom" in Germany was pricked; bank rates went up to 6 per cent. at London, to 7 at Berlin, and to 4½ at Paris; call money touched 186 per cent. in New York; our own speculation in newly promoted "industrials" collapsed; and English finance was so far injured that it has never since been able to win back the hegemony of the financial world from Paris. But it is even now a matter of dispute, how far the later financial shock of the Transvaal war was due to the war itself or rather the large loans raised to conduct it, and how far to the complete embargo placed on the $80,000,000 gold which

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European markets had been annually receiving from South Africa.

No consideration of this kind could be involved in such a war as last week's confused dispatches first suggested—a fight, say, between Turkey and Bulgaria. Our markets and Europe's, after a preliminary shock, passed through the two other recent conflicts in that part of the world, the Greco-Turkish war of 1897 and the fight of 1885 between Servia and Bulgaria, with something like indifference. As for the other recent war scares which did not result in war—those started by the wrangle of 190 over French prerogatives in Morocco, and by the half-comic outburst of 18 at Paris, over the Fashoda affair—these, on the whole, produced the impression that European high finance was merely going through the motions of alarm.

There is, however, another side to the present affair. When the London dispatches described the situation as the most serious that had arisen in Europe since the Franco-Prussian rupture in 1870, the average American reader put the statement down as an extravagance of excited minds. Yet there was at least a grain of reason in the report. That popular forces which might not be subject to restraint were violently at work; that every signatory of the Treaty of Berlin might have claims to push; and that the great Powers might thus be involved over Austria's annexation of two minor provinces—all this suggested possibilities far transcending those of a fight between two second-rate governments in the Balkans. What the disorder on the stock exchanges reflected was therefore a possibility, not a probability; but the possibility, though remote, was so grave that the decline was proportionately violent. When the little Transvaal war drew from the money markets, in the form of loans or increased taxes, nearly $1,000,000,000 capital for purposes of waste and destruction, and when the Manchurian conflict similarly dissipated $2,000,000,000, the actual prospect of a European collision now would not be comfortable, even in the present era of cheap money rates and idle capital.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Henry Mills. Magazine Writing and the New Literature. Harper. $2 net.

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Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler: Von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Vol II. Edited by Dr. Ulrich Thieme and Dr. Felix Becker, Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.

Bangs, John Kendrick. The Genial Idiot: His Views and Reviews. Harper. $1.25.

Barney, Laura Clifford. Some Answered Questions. Collected and Translated from the Persian of 'Abdu'l-Baha. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Bierwirth, H. C. German Inflections: Arranged in Parallels. Holt. 40 cts. net.

Bouët-Willaumez, E. Batailles de terre et de mer. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Brown, P. Hume. A Short History of Scotland. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

Calvert, Albert F. Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza. John Lane. $1.25 net.

Carpenter, Edward. British Aristocracy and the House of Lords. London: A. C. Fifield.

Chesterton, Gilbert K. All Things Considered. John Lane. $1.50 net.

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Dresser, Horatio W. A Physician to the Soul. Putnam.

Du Bois, M. R. J. Pleasant Thought Year Book. Holt. $1 net.

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